

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

### CHAPTER XVII.

"Ox deck for your lives!" cried Dodd, forgetting in that awful moment he was not the captain; and drove them all up, Robarts included, and caught hold of Mrs. Beresford and Freddy at their cabin door and half carried them with him. Just as they got on deck the third wave, a high one, struck the ship and lifted her bodily up, canted her round, and dashed her down again some yards to leeward, throwing them down on the hard and streaming deck.

At this tremendous shock the ship seemed a live thing shrieking and wailing, as well as quivering with the blow.

But one voice dissented loudly from the general dismay. "All right, men," cried Dodd, firm and trumpet-like. "She is broadside on now. Captain Robarts, look alive, sir! Speak to the men! don't go to sleep!"

Robarts was in a lethargy of fear. At this appeal he started into a fury of ephemeral courage: "Stick to the ship," he yelled; "there is no danger if you stick to the ship," and with this snatched a life buoy, and hurled himself into the sea.

Dodd caught up the trumpet that fell from his hand, and roared "I command this ship. Officers come round me! Men to your quarters! Come, bear a hand here, and fire a gun! That will show us where we are, and let the Frenchmen know."

The carronade was fired, and its momentary flash revealed that the ship was ashore in a little bay; the land abeam was low and some eighty yards off; but there was something black and rugged nearer the ship's stern.

Their situation was awful. To windward huge black waves rose like tremendous ruins, and came rolling, fringed with devouring fire; and each wave, as it charged them, curled up to an incredible height and dashed down on the doomed ship—solid to crush, liquid to drown—with a ponderous stroke that made the poor souls stagger; and sent a sheet of water so clean over her that part fell to leeward, and only part came down on deck, foretaste of a watery death; and each of these fearful blows drove the groaning, trembling,

vessel farther on the sand, bumping her along as if she had been but a skiff.

Now it was men showed their inner selves.

Seeing Death so near on one hand, and a chance of escape on the other, seven men proved unable to resist the two great passions of Fear and Hope on a scale so gigantic, and side by side. Bayliss, a midshipman, and five sailors, stole the only available boat and lowered her.

She was swamped in a moment.

Many of the crew got to the rum, and tupified themselves to their destruction.

Others rallied round their old captain, and recovered their native courage at the brave and hopeful bearing he wore over a heart full of anguish. He worked like a horse, encouraging, commanding, doing: he loaded a carronade with 1lb. of powder, and a coil of rope, with an iron bar attached to a cable, and shot the rope and bar ashore.

A gun was now fired from the guard-house, whose light Robarts had taken for a ship. But, no light being shown any nearer on the coast, and the ship expected every minute to go to pieces, Dodd asked if any one would try to swim ashore with a line, made fast to a hawser on board.

A sailor offered to go if any other man would risk his life along with him. Instantly Fullalove stripped, and Vespa next.

"Two is enough on such a desperate errand," said Dodd, with a groan.

But now emulation was up, and neither Briton, Yankee, nor negro, would give way: a line was made fast to the sailor's waist, and he was lowered to leeward; his venturesome rivals followed. The sea swallowed those three heroes like crumbs: and small was the hope of life for them.

The three heroes, being first rate swimmers and divers, and going with the tide, soon neared the shore on the ship's lee quarter; but a sight of it was enough: to attempt to land on that rock with such a sea on, was to get their skulls smashed like eggshells in a moment. They had to coast it, looking out for a soft place.

They found one; and tried to land; but so irresistible was the suction of the retiring wave, that, whenever they got foot on the sand and tried to run, they were wrenched out to sea again, and pounded black and blue and breathless by the curling breaker they met coming in.

After a score of vain efforts, the negro, throw-

ing himself on his back, went in with a high wave, and, on touching the sand, turned, dug all his ten claws into it, clenched his teeth, and scrambled like a cat at a wall: having more power in his toes than the Europeans, and luckily getting one hand on a firm stone, his prodigious strength just enabled him to stick fast while the wave went back; and then, seizing the moment, he tore himself ashore, but bleeding and bruised all over, and with a tooth actually broken by clenching in the convulsive struggle.

He found some natives dancing about in violent agitation with a rope, but afraid to go in and help him; and no wonder, not being seagulls. By the light of their lanterns he saw Fullalove washing in and out like a log. He seized one end of the rope, dashed in and grabbed his friend, and they were hauled ashore together, both breathless, and Fullalove speechless.

The negro looked round for the sailor, but could not see him. Soon, however, there was a cry from some more natives about fifty yards off, and lanterns held up; away he dashed with the rope, just in time to see Jack make a last gallant attempt to land. It ended in his being flung up like a straw into the air on the very crest of a wave fifteen feet high, and out to sea with his arms whirling, and a death shriek which was echoed by every woman within hearing.

In dashed Vespaian with the rope, and gripped the drowning man's long hair with his teeth; then jerked the rope, and they were both pulled ashore with infinite difficulty. The good-natured Frenchmen gave them all three lots of vivats and brandy and pats on the back: and carried the line for them to a flagstaff on the rocks nearer the stern of the ship.

The ship began to show the first signs of breaking up: hammered to death by the sea, she discharged the oakum from her opening seams, and her decks began to gape and grin fore and aft. Corpses of drunken sailors drowned between decks now floated up amidships, and washed and rolled about among the survivors' feet. These, seeing no hope, went about making up all quarrels, and shaking hands in token of a Christian end. One or two came to Dodd with their hands out.

"Avast, ye lubbers!" said he, angrily; "do you think I have time for nonsense? Folksel ahoy! axes, and cut away the weather shrouds!"

It was done: the foremast went by the board directly, and fell to leeward: a few blows of the axe from Dodd's own hand sent the mainmast after it.

The Agra rose a streak; and the next wave carried her a little farther in shore.

And now the man in charge of the hawser reported with joy that there was a strain on it.

This gave those on board a hope of life. Dodd hustled and had the hawser carefully paid out by two men, while he himself secured the other end in the mizen top: he had left that mast standing on purpose.

There was no fog here; but great heavy

black clouds flying about with amazing swiftness extinguished the moon at intervals: at others she glimmered through a dull mist in which she was veiled, and gave the poor souls on the Agra a dim peep of the frail and narrow bridge they must pass to live. A thing like a black snake went down from the mizen top, bellying towards the yawning sea, and soon lost to sight: it was seen rising again among some lanterns on the rock ashore: but what became of it in the middle? The darkness seemed to cut it in two; the sea to swallow it. Yet, to get from a ship going to pieces under them, the sailors precipitated themselves eagerly on that black thread bellying to the sea and flickering in the wind. They went down it, one after another, and anxious eyes straining after them saw them no more: but this was seen, that scarce one in three emerged into the lights ashore.

Then Dodd got an axe, and stood in the top, and threatened to brain the first man who attempted to go on the rope.

"We must make it taut first," said he; "bear a hand here with a tackle."

Even while this was being done, the other rope, whose end he had fired ashore, was seen moving to windward. The natives, it seems, had found it, half buried in sand.

Dodd unlashed the end from the bulwarks and carried it into the top, and made it fast: and soon there were two black snakes dipping shorewards and waving in the air side by side.

The sailors scrambled for a place, and some of them were lost by their own rashness. Kenealy waited coolly: and went by himself.

Finally, Dodd was left in the ship with Mr. Sharpe and the women, and little Murphy, and Ramgolam, whom Robarts had liberated to show his contempt of Dodd.

He now advised Mrs. Beresford to be lashed to Sharpe and himself, and venture the passage; but she screamed and clung to him, and said, "I dare not, oh I dare not."

"Then I must lash you to a spar," said he, "for she can't last much longer." He ordered Sharpe ashore. Sharpe shook hands with him; and went on the rope with tears in his eyes.

Dodd went hard to work, lashed Mrs. Beresford to a piece of broken water-butt: filled Fred's pockets with corks and sewed them up: (you never caught Dodd without a needle; only, unlike the women's, it was always kept threaded.) Mrs. Beresford threw her arms round his neck and kissed him wildly: a way women have in mortal peril: it is but their homage to courage. "All right!" said Dodd, interpreting it as an appeal to his protection, and affecting cheerfulness: "we'll get ashore together on the poop awning, or somehow; never you fear. I'd give a thousand pounds to know when high water is."

At this moment, with a report like a cannon, the lower decks burst fore and aft: another still louder, and the Agra's back broke. She parted amidships with a fearful yawn, and the waves went toppling and curling clean through her.

At this appalling sound and sight, the few

creatures left on the poop cowered screaming and clinging at Dodd's knees, and fought for a bit of him.

Yes, as a flood brings incongruous animals together on some little isle, in brotherhood of fear—creatures who never met before without one eating the other; and there they cuddle—so the thief Ramgolam clung to the man he had tried to rob; the Hindoo Ayah and the English maid hustled their mistress, the haughty Mrs. Beresford, and were hustled by her, for a bit of this human pillar, and little Murphy and Fred Beresford wriggled in at him where they could: and the poor goat crept into the quivering mass trembling like an aspen, and not a butt left either in his head or his heart. Dodd stood in the middle of these tremblers, a rock of manhood: and when he was silent and they heard only the voice of the waves, they despaired: and, whenever he spoke, they started at the astounding calmness of his voice, and words: and life sounded possible.

"Come," said he, "this won't do any longer. All hands into the mizen top!"

He helped them all up, and stood on the ratlines himself: and, if you will believe me, the poor goat wailed like a child below. He found in that new terror and anguish a voice goat was never heard to speak in before. But they had to leave him on deck: no help for it. Dodd advised Mrs. Beresford once more to attempt the rope: she declined. "I dare not! I dare not!" she cried, but she begged Dodd hard to go on it and save himself.

It was a strong temptation: he clutched the treasure in his bosom; and one sob burst from the strong man.

That sob was but the tax paid by Nature: for Pride, Humanity, and Manhood stood staunch in spite of it. "No, no, I can't," said he: "I mustn't. Don't tempt me to leave you in this plight, and be a cur! Live or die, I must be the last man on her. Here's something coming out to us, the Lord in Heaven be praised!"

A bright light was seen moving down the black line that held them to the shore; it descended slowly within a foot of the billows, and lighting them up showed their fearful proximity to the rope in mid passage: they had washed off many a poor fellow at that part.

"Look at that! Thank Heaven you did not try it!" said Dodd to Mrs. Beresford.

At this moment a higher wave than usual swallowed up the light: there was a loud cry of dismay from the shore, and a wail of despair from the ship.

No! not lost after all! The light emerged: and mounted, and mounted towards the ship.

It came near, and showed the black shiny body of Vespasian with very little on but a handkerchief and a lantern, the former round his waist, and the latter lashed to his back: he arrived with a "Yah! yah!" and showed his white teeth in a grin.

Mrs. Beresford clutched his shoulder, and whimpered, "Oh, Mr. Black!"

"Iss, Missy, dis child bring good news.

Cap'n! Massah Fullalove send you his congratulations, and the compliments of the season; and take the liberty to observe the tide am turn in twenty minutes."

The good news thus quaintly announced, caused an outburst of joy from Dodd, and sailor-like, he insisted on all hands joining in a cheer. The shore re-echoed it directly. And this encouraged the forlorn band still more; to hear other hearts beating for them so near. Even the intervening waves could not quite annul the sustaining power of sympathy.

At this moment came the first faint streaks of welcome dawn, and revealed their situation more fully.

The vessel lay on the edge of a sand-bank. She was clean in two, the stern lying somewhat higher than the stem. The sea rolled through her amidships six feet broad, frightful to look at; and made a clean breach over her forward, all except the bowsprit, to the end of which three poor sailors were now discovered to be clinging. The afterpart of the poop was out of water, and in a corner of it the goat crouched like a rabbit: four dead bodies washed about beneath the party trembling in the mizen top, and one had got jammed in the wheel, face uppermost, and glared up at them, gazing terror-stricken down.

No sign of the tide turning yet: and much reason to fear it would turn too late for them, and the poor fellows shivering on the bowsprit.

These fears were well founded.

A huge sea rolled in, and turned the forepart of the vessel half over, buried the bowsprit, and washed the men off into the breakers.

Mrs. Beresford sank down, and prayed, holding Vespasian by the knee.

Fortunately, as in that vessel wrecked long syne on Melita, "the hind part of the ship stuck fast and remained immovable."

But for how long?

Each wave now struck the ship's weather quarter with a sound like a cannon fired in a church, and sent the water clean into the mizen top. It hit them like strokes of a whip. They were drenched to the skin, chilled to the bone, and frozen to the heart with fear. They made acquaintance that hour with Death. Ay, Death itself has no bitterness that forlorn cluster did not feel: only the insensibility that ends that bitterness was wanting.

Now the sea, you must know, was literally strewed with things out of the Agra; masts, rigging, furniture, tea-chests, bundles of canes, chairs, tables: but, of all this jetsom, Dodd's eye had been for some little time fixed on one object; a live sailor drifting ashore on a great wooden case: it struck him after a while that the man made very little way; and at last seemed to go up and down in one place. By-and-by he saw him nearer and nearer, and recognised him. It was one of the three washed off the bowsprit.

He cried joyfully: "The tide has turned! here's Thompson coming out to sea."

Then there ensued a dialogue, incredible to

landsmen, between these two sailors, the captain of the ship and the captain of the foretop; one perched on a stationary fragment of that vessel, the other drifting on a pianoforte; and both bawling at one another across the jaws of death.

"Thompson ahoy!"

"Hal-lo!"

"Whither bound?"

"Going out with the tide, and be d——d to me."

"What, can't ye swim?"

"Like a brass figure-head. It's all over with poor Jack, sir."

"All over? Don't tell me! Look out now as you drift under our stern, and we'll lower you the four-inch hawser."

"Lord bless you, sir; do, pray!" cried Thompson, losing his recklessness with the chance of life.

By this time the shore was black with people, and a boat was brought down to the beach, but to attempt to launch it was to be sucked out to sea.

At present all eyes were fixed on Thompson drifting to destruction.

Dodd cut the four-inch hawser, and Vespasian, on deck, lowered it with a line, so that Thompson presently drifted right athwart it: "All right, sir!" said he, grasping it: and amidst thundering acclamations was drawn to land full of salt water and all but insensible. The piano landed at Dunkirk, three weeks later.

In the bustle of this good and smart action, the tide retired perceptibly.

By-and-by the sea struck lower and with less weight.

At nine P.M. Dodd took his little party down on deck again, being now the safest place; for the mast might go.

It was a sad scene: the deck was now dry, and the dead bodies lay quiet round them, with glassy eyes: and, grotesquely horrible, the long hair of two or three was stiff and crystallised with the saltpetre in the ship.

Mrs. Beresford clung to Vespasian: she held his bare black shoulder with one white and jewelled hand, and his wrist with the other, tight. "Oh, Mr. Black," said she, "how brave you are! It is incredible. Why you came back! I must feel a brave man with both my hands, or I shall die. Your skin is nice and soft too. I shall never outlive this dreadful day."

And, now that the water was too low to wash them off the hawser, several of the ship's company came back to the ship to help the women down.

By noon the Agra's deck was thirty feet from the sand. The rescued ones wanted to break their legs and necks: but Dodd would not permit even that. He superintended the whole manœuvre, and lowered, first the dead, then the living, not omitting the poor goat, who was motionless and limp with fright.

When they were all safe on the sand, Dodd stood alone upon the poop a minute, cheered by all the sailors, French and English, ashore: then slid down a rope and rejoined his companions.

To their infinite surprise, the undaunted one was found to be snivelling.

"Oh dear, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Beresford, tenderly.

"The poor Agra, ma'am! She was such a beautiful sea-boat: and just look at her now! Never sail again: never! never! She was a little crank in beating, I can't deny it: but how she did fly with the wind abaft. She sank a pirate in the straits, and weathered a hurricane off the Mauritius; and after all for a lubber to go and lay her bones ashore in a fair wind: poor dear beauty."

He mandered thus, and kept turning back to look at the wreck, till he happened to lay his hand on his breast. He stopped in the middle of his ridiculous lament, wore a look of self-reproach, and cast his eyes upward in heartfelt gratitude.

The companions of so many adventures dispersed.

A hospitable mayoress entertained Mrs. Beresford and suite: and she took to her bed; for she fell seriously ill as soon as ever she could do it with impunity.

Colonel Kenealy went off to Paris: "I'll gain that way by being wrecked," said he.

If there be a lover of quadrupeds here, let him know that Billy's weakness proved his strength. Being brandied by a good-natured French sailor, he winked his eye; being brandied greatly he staggered up; and butted his benefactor, like a man.

Fullalove had dry clothes and a blazing fire ready for Dodd at a little rude auberge: he sat over it and dried a few bank notes he had loose about him, and examined his greater treasure, his children's. The pocket-book was much stained, but no harm whatever done to the contents.

In the midst of this employment the shadow of an enormous head was projected right upon his treasure.

Turning with a start he saw a face at the window; one of those vile mugs which are found to perfection amongst the canaille of the French nation; bloated, bear-eyed, grizzly, and wild-beast-like. The ugly thing, on being confronted, passed slowly out of the sun, and Dodd thought no more of it.

The owner of this sinister visage was André Thibout, of whom it might be said, like face like life; for he was one of those ill-omened creatures, who feed upon the misfortunes of their kind, and stand on shore in foul weather hoping the worst, instead of praying for the best: briefly, a wrecker. He and his comrade, Jacques Moinard, had heard the Agra's gun fired, and come down to batten on the wreck: but lo! at the turn of the tide, there were gendarmes and soldiers lining the beach; and the Bayonet interposed between Theft and Misfortune. So now the desperate pair were prowling about like hungry, baffled wolves, curses on their lips, and rage at their hearts.

Dodd was extremely anxious to get to Bark-

ington before the news of the wreck; for otherwise he knew his wife and children would suffer a year's agony in a single day. The only chance he saw was to get to Boulogne in time to catch the Nancy sailing packet; for it was her day. But then Boulogne was eight leagues distant, and there was no public conveyance going. Fullalove, entering heartily into his feelings, was gone to look for horses to hire, aided by the British Consul. The black hero was up-stairs clearing out with a pin two holes that had fallen into decay for want of use. Those holes were in his ears.

And now, worn out by anxiety and hard work, Dodd began to nod in his chair by the fire.

He had not been long asleep when the hideous face of Thibout reappeared at the window, and watched him: presently a low whistle was uttered outside, and soon the two ruffians entered the room, and, finding the landlady there as well as Dodd, called for a little glass apiece of absinthe: while drinking it they cast furtive glances towards Dodd, and waited till she should go about her business, and leave them alone with him.

But the good woman surprised their looks, and knowing the character of the men, poured out a cup of coffee from a great metal reservoir by the fire, and waked Dodd without ceremony: "Voici votre café, Monsieur!" making believe he had ordered it.

"Merci, Madame!" replied he, for his wife had taught him a little French.

"One may sleep mal à propos," muttered the woman in his ear. "My man is at the fair, and there are people here, who are not worth any great things."

Dodd rubbed his eyes and saw those two foul faces at the end of the kitchen: for such it was, though called *salle à manger*. "Humph!" said he; and instinctively buttoned his coat.

At that Thibout touched Moinard's knee under the table.

Fullalove came in soon after, to say he had got two horses, and they would be here in a quarter of an hour.

"Well, but Vespa, how is he to go?" inquired Dodd.

"Oh, we'll send him on ahead, and then ride and tie."

"No, no," said Dodd, "I'll go ahead. That will shake me up. I think I should tumble off a horse; I'm so dead sleepy."

Accordingly he started to walk on the road to Boulogne.

He had not been gone three minutes when Moinard sauntered out.

Moinard had not been gone two minutes when Thibout strolled out.

Moinard kept Dodd in sight, and Thibout kept Moinard.

The horses were brought soon after; but unfortunately the pair did not start immediately; though, had they known it, every moment was precious. They wasted time in argument. Ves-

pasian had come down with a diamond ring in one ear, and a ruby in the other. Fullalove saw this retrograde step, and said grimly: "Have you washed but half your face, or—is this a return to savagery?"

Vespa wore an air of offended dignity: "No, sar, these var decorations come off a lady ob i cibilisation: Missy Beresford donated em me. Says she, 'Massah Black'—yah! yah! She always nicknammates dis child Massa Black—'while I was praying Goramighty for self and pickaninny, I seen you out of one corner of my eye admirationing my rings; den just you take em,' says dat ar aristocracy: 'for I don't admirisation em none; I've been shipwrecked.' So I took em wid incredible condescension; and dat ar beautiful lady says to me, 'Oh, get along wid your nonsense about coloured skins! I have inspectionated your conduct, Massah Black, and likewise your performances on the slack rope,' says she, 'in time of shipwreck: and darn me,' says she, 'but you are a man, you are.' 'No Missy,' says I, superciliously, 'dis child am not a man if you please, but a coloured gemman.' He added, he had put them in his ears because the biggest would not go on his little finger.

Fullalove groaned. "And, of course, the next thing, you'll ring your snout like a pig, or a Patagonian; there, come along, ye darn'd—Anomaly."

He was going to say "Cuss," but remembering his pupil's late heroic conduct, softened it down to *Anomaly*.

But Vespa always measured the force of words by their length or obscurity. "Anomaly" cut him to the heart: he rode off in moody silence and dejection, asking himself sorrowfully what he had done that such a mountain of vituperation should fall on him. "Anomaly!?"

They cantered along in silence; for Fullalove was digesting this new trait in his pupil; and asking himself could he train it out; or must he cross it out. Just outside the town they met Captain Robarts walking in; he had landed three miles off down the coast. "Hallo!" said Fullalove.

"I suppose you thought I was drowned?" said Robarts, spitefully; "but you see I'm alive still."

Fullalove replied: "Well, captain; that is only one mistake more, I reckon."

About two English miles from the town, they came to a long strait slope up and down, where they could see a league before them; and there they caught sight of David Dodd's tall figure mounting the opposite rise.

Behind him at some little distance were two men going the same way, but on the grass by the roadside, whereas David was on the middle of the road.

"He walks well for Jacky Tar!" said Fullalove.

"Iss sar," said Vespa, sulkily; "but dis 'analogy' tink he not walk so fast as those two behind him, cos they catch him up."

Now Vespa had hardly uttered these words, when a thing occurred, so sudden and

alarming, that the speaker's eyes protruded, and he was dumbfounded a moment; the next a loud cry burst from both him and his companion at once; and they lashed their horses to the gallop and went tearing down the hill in a fury of rage and apprehension.

Mr. Fullalove was right, I think: a sailor is seldom a smart walker; but Dodd was a cricketer, you know, as well: he swung along at a good pace, and in high spirits. He had lost nothing but a few clothes, and a quadrant, and a chronometer; it was a cheap wreck to him, and a joyful one: for peril past is present delight. He had saved his life; and what he valued more, his children's money. Never was that dear companion of his perils so precious to him as now. One might almost fancy that, by some strange sympathy, he felt the immediate happiness of his daughter depended on it. Many in my day believe that human minds can thus communicate, overleaping material distances. Not knowing I can't say. However, no such solution is really needed here. All the members of an united and loving family feel together, and work together—without specific concert—though hemispheres lie between: it is one of the beautiful traits of true family affection: now the Dodds, father, mother, sister, brother, were more one in heart and love than any other family I ever saw: woe to them if they had not.

David, then, walked towards Boulogne that afternoon a happy man. Already he tasted by anticipation the warm caresses of his wife and children, and saw himself seated at the hearth, with those beloved ones clustering close round him. How would he tell them its adventures—Its dangers from pirates—Its loss at sea—Its recovery—Its wreck—Its coming ashore dry as a bone: and conclude by taking it out of his bosom, and dropping it in his wife's lap with cheer boys cheer!

Trudging on in this delightful reverie, his ear detected a pit pat at some distance behind him: he looked round with very slight curiosity, and saw two men coming up: even in that hasty glance he recognised the foul face of André Thibout: a face not to be forgotten in a day. I don't know how it was, but he saw in a moment that face was after him to rob him: and he naturally enough concluded it was their object.

And he was without a weapon; and they were doubtless armed. Indeed, Thibout was swinging a heavy cudgel.

Poor Dodd's mind went into a whirl, and his body into a cold sweat. In such moments men live a year. To gain a little time he walked swiftly on, pretending not to have noticed them: but oh his eyes roved wildly to each side of the road for a chance of escape. He saw none. To his right was a precipitous rock; to his left a profound ravine with a torrent below, and the sides scantily clothed with fir-trees and bushes: he was, in fact, near the top of a long rising ground called "le mauvais côté," on account of a murder committed there two hundred years ago.

Presently he heard the men close behind him. At the same moment he saw at the side of the ravine a flint stone about the size of two fists: he made but three swift strides, snatched it up, and turned to meet the robbers, drawing himself up high and showing fight in every inch.

The men were upon him. His change of attitude was so sudden and fiery that they recoiled step. But it was only for a moment: they had gone too far to retreat; they divided, and Thibout attacked him on his left with uplifted cudgel, and Moinard on his right with a long glittering knife: the latter, to guard his head from the stone, whipped off his hat and held it before his head: but Dodd was what is called "left handed": "ambidexter" would be nearer the mark; he carved and wrote with his right hand, heaved weights and flung cricket balls with his left. He stepped forward, flung the stone in Thibout's face with perfect precision, and that bitter impetus a good thrower lends at the moment of delivery; and almost at the same moment shot out his right hand and caught Moinard by the throat. Sharper and fiercer collision was never seen than of these three.

Thibout's face crashed; his blood squirted all round the stone; and eight yards off lay that assailant on his back.

Moinard was more fortunate: he got two inches of his knife into Dodd's left shoulder, at the very moment Dodd caught him in his right hand vice. And now one vengeful hand of iron grasped him felly by the throat; another seized his knife arm and twisted it back like a child's: he kicked and struggled furiously: but in half a minute the mighty English arm, and iron fingers, held the limp body of Jacques Moinard, with its knees knocking, temples bursting, throat relaxed, eyes protruding, and livid tongue lolling down to his chin: a few seconds more, and with the same stalwart arm that kept his relaxed and sinking body from falling, Dodd gave him one fierce whirl round to the edge of the road, then put a foot to his middle, and spurned his carcass with amazing force and fury down the precipice. Crunch, crunch! it plunged from tree to tree, from bush to bush, and at last rolled into a thick bramble and there stuck in the form of a crescent. But Dodd had no sooner sent him headlong by that mighty effort, than his own sight darkened, his head swam, and, after staggering a little way, he sank down in a state bordering on insensibility.

Meantime Fullalove and Vespasian were galloping down the opposite hill to his rescue.

Unfortunately, André Thibout was not dead; nor even mortally wounded. He was struck on the nose and mouth: that nose was flat for the rest of his life, and half his front teeth were battered out of their sockets: but he fell, not from the brain being stunned, but the body driven to earth by the mere physical force of so momentous a blow: knocked down like a ninepin. He now sat up bewildered, and found himself in a pool of blood, his own. He had little sensation of pain; but he put his hand to his face and

found scarce a trace of his features; and his hand came away gory. He groaned.

Rising to his feet, he saw Dodd sitting at some distance: his first impulse was to fly from so terrible an antagonist: but, as he made for the ravine, he observed that Dodd was in a helpless condition: wounded perhaps by Moinard. And where was Moinard?

Nothing visible of him, but his knife: that lay glittering in the road.

Thibout, with anxious eye turned towards Dodd, kneeled to pick it up: and in the act a drop of his own blood fell on the dust beside it. He snarled like a wounded tiger; spat out half a dozen teeth: and crept on tiptoe to his safe revengement.

Awake from your lethargy, or you are a dead man!

No. Thibout got to him unperceived, and the knife glittered over his head.

At this moment the air seemed to fill with clattering hoofs and voices, and a pistol-shot rang. Dodd heard and started, and so saw his peril. He put up his left hand to parry the blow; but feebly. Luckily for him Thibout's eyes were now turned another way, and glaring with stupid terror out of his mutilated visage: a gigantic, mounted, steed, with black face and white gleaming, rolling, eyes, was coming at him like the wind, uttering horrid howls; Thibout launched himself at the precipice with a shriek of dismay, and went rolling after his comrade: but, ere he had gone ten yards, he fell across a young larch-tree, and hung balanced. Up came the foaming horses: Fullalove dismounted hastily and fired three deliberate shots down at Thibout from his revolver. He rolled off, and never stopped again till he splashed into the torrent, and lay there staining it with blood from his battered face, and perforated shoulder.

Vespasian jumped off, and with glistening eyes administered some good brandy to Dodd. He, unconscious of his wound, a slight one, relieved their anxiety by assuring them somewhat faintly he was not hurt, but that, ever since that "tap on the head" he got in the Straits of Gaspar, any angry excitement told on him, made his head swim, and his temples seem to swell from the inside.

"I should have come off second best but for you, my dear friends. Shake hands over it, do! Oh, Lord bless you! Lord bless you both! As for you, Vespasian, I do think you are my guardian angel. Why this is the second time you've saved it. No it isn't: for it's the third."

"Now you git along, Massa Cap'n," said Vespasian. "You bery good man, ridiculous good man: and dis child arn't no gardening angel at all; he ar a darned Anatomy" (with such a look of offended dignity at Fullalove).

After examining the field of battle, and comparing notes, they mounted Dodd on Vespasian's horse, and walked quietly till Dodd's head got better; and then they cantered on three abreast, Vespasian in the middle with one sinewy hand on each horse's mane; and such was his muscular power that he often re-

lieved his feet by lifting himself clean into the air: and the rest of the time his toe but touched the ground: and he sailed like an ostrich: and grinned and chattered like a monkey.

Sad to relate, neither Thibout nor Moinard was ended. The guillotine stood on its rights. Meantime, what was left of them crawled back to the town stiff and sore; and supped together—Moinard on liquids only—and vowed revenge on all wrecked people.

The three reached Boulogne in time for the Nancy, and put Dodd on board: the pair decided to go to the Yankee Paradise—Paris.

They parted with regret and tenderly like old tried friends; and Vespasian told Dodd, with the tears in his eyes, that, though he was in point of fact only a darned Anemone, he felt like a coloured Gemman, at parting from his dear old captain.

The master of the Nancy knew Dodd well, and gave him a nice cot to sleep in. He tumbled in with a bad headache, and quite worn out; and never woke for fifteen hours.

And when he did wake he was safe at Barkington.

He and It landed on the quay. He made for home.

On the way, he passed Hardie's Bank; a firm synonymous in his mind with the Bank of England.

A thrill of joy went through him. Now It was safe. When he first sewed It on in China, It seemed secure nowhere except on his own person. But, since then, the manifold perils by sea and land It had encountered through being on him, had caused a strong reaction in his mind on that point. He longed to see It safe out of his own hands, and in good custody.

He made for Hardie's door with a joyful rush, waved his cap over his head in triumph, and entered the Bank with It.

Ah!

#### DR. FAUSTUS, SET TO MUSIC.

It was said here, not long ago, with reference to Shakespeare's heroes and heroines, that some among them who have proved the most tempting to artists have been the least manageable as subjects for music.—Hamlet cannot be presented in opera without one-half of the heart of his mystery being plucked out, and the other moiety drained of many among the mingling drops which gave to its blood so peculiar a colour. There is a distant relation to Hamlet—his own cousin Faustus—inasmuch as aspiration and yearning are kinsfolk to deep, disturbing, irresolute melancholy—who is well-nigh as inaccessible as Hamlet for every musician's purpose; yet who is for ever and ever taken as a theme for chords and chorals, and in illustrating whose life and works, counterpoint has again and again attempted to work out its scientific devices, and the spirit of melody to show her cunning.

The German musical quota in this tribute to the sorceries of the legend of the Doctor and

the Devil, has been naturally the largest;—and the two first contributions to be mentioned have both enjoyed a certain reputation. The first, by Spohr, was composed in the year 1813, on a melodrama even more coarse and flaring than certain French and English travesties to be seen of late years (in which, nevertheless, there has been some awkward attempt to keep near the feeling of Goethe's metaphysical drama). A more stupid opera-book is hardly in being than the one Spohr contented himself with for his third stage essay—*Alruna* (never represented) and *Der Zweikampf* having preceded *Faust*.—Spohr's music palls on the taste sooner than might have been expected from the works of a man showing so much individuality and self-respect as he did. It is too highly finished, too sugared, too mannered. And yet the high merit of his *Faust*, in more than one respect, is not to be disputed. His opera was in advance of its time, as treating a northern supernatural subject. The stalwart, handsome violinist's *Brocken* music was projected before the Wolf's Glen was painted by Weber.—It is odd, however, that one in whom fantasy was so weak as Spohr, should so perpetually have tormented himself to be fantastic. His *Brocken* music might belong to some grassy slope at the foot of any Alp, with the herds and their herdfolk going home in the tranquil shine of evening.—What is good in Spohr's *Faust* are the overture—the opening duet between *Faust* and the *Evil One*, with the minuet to which the curtain rises;—the duet where *Faust* first meets *Margaret*—the great air of parade for *Cunigunda*, a stalking prima donna after the old pattern—the scene with chorus for *Ugo*, her lover, a no less superfluous personage—the song for *Mephistopheles*, which, when dressed with Italian words, as “*Va sbramando*,” Lablache used to sing so incomparably—and the great song for *Faust*, made no less acceptable to our public by the exceptional voice and impassioned execution of Herr *Pischek*. Then his *Torch-dance*, or *Polonoise*, is stately; but Spohr is never vulgar. In spite, however, of the merit of the pieces mentioned,—by no means all those that could be named,—in spite of a rich and peculiar treatment of the orchestra, the tediousness of Spohr's *Faust* is too heavy and soporific to be forgiven by this restless generation of ours. The opera remains on the German stage but without the breath of life in it,—and though frequently tried in England, even when England's Spohr-worship was at its height, and when it was thought sin to whisper a word in question of the absolute perfection of all or any German music, as a whole it has been in this country barely endured with respect.

The second musical illustration adverted to—by Prince Antony Radzivill, one of the many distinguished amateurs to whom Poland has given birth,—an ample gracing of the first part of Goethe's *Faust*,—to the extent of five-and-twenty pieces of music—enjoys a select rather than a general reputation, having long been kept

within the walls of the once famed Singing Academy at Berlin. The music is sincerely praised by those who know it, as well made, respectable and befitting a refined gentleman; but it has not wandered wide, as great *Faust*-music would and assuredly should have done, in Goethe's kingdom. The poet himself, who possibly had more desire than power to appreciate other arts than his own, seems to have been only partially satisfied with this Radzivill music; since Eckermann tells us that he spoke of M. Meyerbeer as the one living composer who, perhaps, could have worked out his intentions. A vain fancy!—Something analogous in situation, so far as hero and villain of the legend are concerned, has been illustrated by the astute Berlin composer in his “*Robert*,” but the music of this is too flimsy and flaring to approach the depths of the characters, and the sublimity of certain of the situations of the German tragedy.

A dozen years ago, it pleased M. Berlioz to take the play in hand. Some of his best music is in his *Faust* Cantata, but with it, some of his most eccentric extravagances. He has fairly followed many of the well-known incidents of Goethe's drama; treating *Faust* in a weak and entangled fashion,—giving to *Mephistopheles* something of the sulphurous sarcasm which belongs to that mocking tempter; but entirely unsuccessful with *Margaret*. His opening villagers' round in this Cantata is pleasant—his “*Song of the Flea*” is quaint, animated, and musically ingenious, and his chorus and dance of *Sylphs* are full of beautiful fantasy; though, owing to the writer's peculiar manner of working the same, is perversely shut up, where a simpler display would have quadrupled its value. But the demon that tempts this strange *Faust*-composer to his misdoing, inspired him with the brilliant idea of writing a diabolical chorus, in *Pandemonium*, to a gibberish of his own devising, and to set the ghastly ride of the *Doctor* and his familiar with an absurd and headlong ugliness of vehemence, outdoing any example of the kind that occurs to me in the works of any other musician, living or dead—Herr Wagner's hideous *Venus* music in his *Tannhauser*—the legend of the haunted hill so deliciously told by Tieck—not forgotten. Then in this *Faust* Cantata M. Berlioz, with the view, it may be, of painting every variety of action and life, has used a wild rebel-tune of Hungary, the *Ragoczy* March;—the same air which, a quarter of a century ago, the Austrian authorities forbade to be published according to the transcript by M. Liszt, which he played in his salad days with such an inciting spirit. Dangerous as the March may be, when exploding among those fiery folk, the Magyar nobles and gentry—on its being stripped of association there is not much to recommend it beyond its marked rhythm. For this reason, possibly, it may have been picked out by M. Berlioz as a contrast to his own vaguely perplexed themes and measures.

Dr. Liszt, too, has bethought him of the subject, and has given birth to a *Faust* Symphony, wherein

the characters in Goethe's play are disposed in the canonical number of symphonic movements. How is it that men so shrewd in perception, so brilliant in wit, so deep in appreciation of poetry as he, can so entirely forget that a cloud can be but a cloud, or that, if the cloud be proved to be a whale or an ouzel, such feat can be done but to the satisfaction of a Polonius?—how consent, again and again, to confound association with indication? My readers have heard of a dear, confused gentlewoman, whom the early spring reminded of roast pig, and have laughed at her strange combination of sense with sentiment; but Mrs. Nickleby was as logical as your Transcendentalist who shall describe murder by three trombones, and infidelity by united violas; and by "diminished sevenths" suggest (not accompany the detail of) that hope long deferred which maketh the heart sick. The old painters, it is true, ticketed virtues and sanctities with certain colours; but the ear-superstitions of Music are at once more arbitrary, and limited to boot. A harp, it may be conceded, is seraphic—a drum suggests assault and battery—but that violins should be allotted to picturing the world, and flutes to offer the colours of the flesh, and bassoons to show forth the abominations of the Devil, may be thought somewhat unfair and final. Moreover, all this coarse alphabet-work precludes everything like the possibility of light, demi-tint—of expressing inconsistency—and all that makes and marks character.—In truth, there is no telling Clarissa Harlowe's story in a symphony—no painting that superb prospect over the plain from the upper town of Bergamo by aid of the best score which such skilled painters in music as Weber or Mendelssohn can produce. Yet, Dr. Liszt has essayed something of the kind, and with meagre qualifications, beyond those of aspiration and poetical enthusiasm. The gift of melody was not dropped into his cradle, and it may be some imperfect consciousness of this fact that has urged one so resolute to fascinate, to conquer, and to influence men, as he is—so habituated from infancy to splendid munificence and arrogant triumph—to the disturbing yet brilliant career of a meteor—to force Music into tasks for which the art is altogether unfitted. His is the malady of our time—but every being touched by it is thereby weakened: whether the same be a giant or a man of low stature.

Wherefore a second part should have been added to Faust in Goethe's old age (let it have been ever so long in projection), and what that part distinctly means, are to some heretical persons puzzles only in some degree explicable by the intense self-occupation, and the failing powers of a great poet. Blind faith accepts such mysteries with a gratitude proportioned to their mysticism; and there have been found poetical and accomplished musicians, who have not shrunk from attempting to apply the clearest of arts to the illustration of that which Goethe himself did not profess to set forth as clear. One

of these, Mr. H. H. Pierson, though by birth English, in training and taste thoroughly German, has expended—why not at once say wasted?—much good, if incomplete idea, on this obscure and semi-chaotic production. *Euphorion*, *The Mothers*, *The Gray Women*, the *Lemures*, are all in his score. The selection of a subject is a warrant for the manner of its treatment by a sincere man; and our clever countryman—for Mr. Pierson is indisputably clever, and more—has yielded to the spell, and has produced something which stands vexatiously in the midway betwixt dream and reality; escaping from the one to the other with an adroitness which may befit profound meditation and subtle conception—but which, on the other hand, may be only a device to conceal want of that sustaining power and studious patience such as are indispensable to the expression of every inspiration less brief than a few verses—a few bars—a few grand forms sketched on the canvas. Mr. Pierson's second part of *Faust* has been presented in a German theatre or two without much success or effect. It is not possible to consider the music without a wonder, in which regret has its share—regret over honest perversity and mistake. No idler would undertake such a task. No Titan could carry it through adequately. What can be more sorrowful than the productions and resulting disappointments of wasted sincerity in effort?

Another example of this turns up in too prominent a form—*Faust* music being the subject to be here passed by. Next to Mr. Pierson's setting of the second part of Goethe's *Mystery*, must be named the great *Cantata* by Robert Schumann;—the posthumous work of an incomplete man, disinterred, and put forward by the German enthusiasts of the day, who have resolved, like Dr. Caius, that "no honest man shall come into their closet;" who, having arranged our Shakespeare (one Schiller of theirs did so), cannot endure the sight we are approaching of a Frenchman having successfully "done into universal music" this great drama of theirs. At the time present, Schumann is their German greatest man: paraded as the continuator of Beethoven, as the deepener of the conventional Mendelssohn (can fickleness go beyond this epithet?); as a poet partially accepted during his lifetime, and therefore to be immoderately deified now he is gone. What if all this fending and proving and protesting should merely indicate infidelity to any truths as truths established—to any idols as past mortal power to pull down? What if the game be really not worth the candle? What if Schumann be a third-rate artist, proved as such by his perversity, obscurity, and resolution to present platitudes in place of fresh invention? He was an honest man, without question: but a man who mistook—throughout a whole busy brain-life—bewilderment for inspiration, and therefore, we conceive, without the arrogance of prophecy—for in Art prophecy is apt to become arrogant—that his music may not outlast the passions and the fashions of this our time of antagonism.

In any event, the Faust music by Schumann is a curious, dreary mistake—containing the smallest amount of melody conceivable, and one or two of those pedantries which denote a man to be of low stature, let his school stand ever so high in the claims of its professors. For instance, in the setting of the scene where Margaret questions the “forget-me-not,” in accordance with the pretty old superstition—a scene not ungracefully rendered by Retzsch, though Retzsch as a Faust-artist is for the hour out of fashion—the outcry of chords on the last phrase, “He loves me not,” is crude enough to befit the prison dreams of the betrayed girl who had murdered her child. Extravagance and spasm take the place of gentle melancholy and misgiving. If Schumann implied by his cruel modulations that crime was foreseen by the girl from afar, the mistake in taste, truth, and feeling, was none the less;—but it may be believed that no preconception of the kind urged him. It was merely his way to be gloomy and over-emphatic, owing to the deficiency of fresh spontaneous power in expression—a deficiency excused, but not likely to be amended, by the habits of opposition and antagonism belonging to the air of opinion he breathed, and the associates he preferred. Such a man would have done better to set the Faust of Lenau, a later, madder German dramatic poem than even the second Faust of Goethe.

There is a Faust overture by Wagner: there is Faust music by Lindpaintner—neither of any value.

There is an opera by our Bishop on the legend, and there was a ballet, made some thirty years ago for London, from a grand French ballet, *La Tentation*, in which, by the way, the talent of Halevy presented itself so favourably as to lead to his being commissioned to compose *La Juive*. There have been many settings of The King of Thule, and Margaret's melancholy song at her wheel (who does not know Schubert's version of the latter?), but only one work of any great success or extent remains to be mentioned ere this sketch is closed.

It will be seen that many of these attempts to deal in music with the most difficult and delicate of modern dramatic stories have been made by men of some mark. That one and all of these men have failed, need surprise no person who considers the nature of the attempt. For a young composer to have succeeded in the teeth of all obstacles, and to have carried the reluctant sympathy of Europe with him, is a phenomenon as noticeable as most presenting themselves in the history of Music. This, however, has been completely accomplished by M. Charles Gounod, whose Faust has set him in the place as the opera-composer to whom the world now first looks; no disrespect to that wonderful veteran, M. Auber—no treason against the elaborate and keen-witted M. Meyerbeer—no scandal against the effective yet coarse vehemence of Signor Verdi. Twenty years ago, there were some ten people who fancied that Sapho,

with its lovely elegiac third act, revealed to them a really original genius. It is merry work to remember how they were jeered at like so many “lunacies” (as Sir Hugh Evans might phrase it); how clumsy thunder and small stinging pellets were aimed at them. What do such things matter, save to the owners of the thunder-bolt and the popgun, and the after confusion of their faces? As a pupil of the Parisian Conservatory—which establishment has the malady unknown to our Academy, of really producing fruit worth having—M. Gounod, a Roman student, was known as a man of promise to his master Halevy; and, while passing through Germany, had attracted the attention of the just and genial Mendelssohn. After this, some years of opportunity denied, and of efforts made in vain, had to be worn through by him—years which either strengthen or annihilate talent—which may distort, but cannot destroy genius. In 1851, some sacred music by him was first brought to hearing, and in London, at St. Martin's Hall, under the presidency of Mr. John Hullah;—and later in the same year, *Sapho*, his first opera, in Paris, owing to the active and prescient influence of a great artist. The reception of these works was in England damnation, in France faint praise. Nothing daunted, the composer went on to write choruses for *Ulysse*, a dreary classical play by the then much overrated M. Ponsard—second opera, *La Nonne Sanglante*, to one of the worst dramas in being—which operas, however, is rich in beautiful and characteristic music—a third, *Le Médecin Malgré lui*, a quaint treatment of Molière's comedy; and, fourthly, this same inconvenient, unauthorised, and truly indefensible *Faust*, which has been bold enough to attack and to retain Germany, and to force its way into two of our English theatres at once—an opera which, like other things that cannot be cured, must be endured—an opera simply and seriously the only opera on the legend which, till now, has gained, or deserved to gain, universal acceptance. To make the victory more significant, it should be added that *Faust* was originally produced at the third musical theatre in Paris, with only one good chance in its favour—that, it is true, a very good one—a Margaret in Madame Miolan-Carvalho, not to be surpassed in exquisite musical skill, delicacy of feeling as an actress, or depth of expression as an interpreter.

What the permanent fate of M. Gounod's opera may be in England it is not for us to say. There is a caprice in publics totally irrespective of real merit or national consistency. With our public, two of the best operas ever written, Cherubini's *Les deux Journées*, and Spontini's *La Vestale*, have no existence. The Germans care little for Handel—the French know nothing of him. Come what come may, M. Gounod's *Faust* exceeds every other former work on the subject. MM. Barbier and Carré, who have arranged the book, have followed Goethe's play closely, and—to the intense disgust of some of the German hyperpedants—have even had the immodesty to use

certain of Goethe's very words and lines.—The Frenchman has given to the music of Margaret a purity, a passion, a despair, a repentance, and a triumph, not to be over-estimated. The monologues of Faust in his study and in her garden—the death scene of Valentine, the tremendous final encounter of Good and Evil in the dungeon—have too few parallels in music of modern time, and recall no older model. Neither do the choruses of the revellers at the fair (with its admirable waltz), nor of the soldiers returning home (the last among the most stirring of marches ever written), nor the grave, judicial, awe-striking “Dies iræ” in the church, before the threatenings of which the betrayed girl, heavy with the secret of her shame, cowers in helpless awe and bitter agony. Being thoroughly original, M. Gounod has had to pay the price of entry into a world where people prefer being reminded to being surprised; but that his opera is *the Faust opera*, one which will make it difficult for any musician to come to approach the subject, is an assertion which few open-minded persons will be found to dispute. Those who follow the fashion, knowing little on their own behalf, have the amplest excuse for admiration, in a popularity as rapid as it has been brilliant.

#### THE STORY OF GOVERNOR WALL.

Now, when the public eye looks out wistfully to India, and broods over the sad tale of the unhappy sergeant who was persecuted unto his death—chafing at delay, and growing out a half suspicion of unfair play, and authority sheltered by other authority—it may not be unprofitable to see how sternly an almost similar case was dealt with some sixty years since.

There was a certain Wall, who came of a good Dublin family, who was “connected with Lord Seaforth” and the Irish nobility in various directions. He had been sent into the army, and had drifted away to India during the great native wars of Lord Clive and others. He distinguished himself at different periods, found his way to the Havannah, was promoted there for marked gallantry, and finally is discovered at the Island of Goree about the year 1782, in the capacity of one of those rough-and-ready rulers who were at that time so useful to the Company that employed them, and perhaps so necessary in dealing with the half-savage tribes of the country. He had with him a knot of Irish officers; one Captain Lacy, Captain O'Shallaghan, a name of a very pronounced nationality, and some more. Under their command were some black soldiers, about three hundred in number, who had lately been showing signs of discontent in reference to arrears of pay. In fact, one morning, a party of them, headed by one Armstrong, came to the governor, by way of deputation, to ask for a settlement of their claims, certainly in a respectful fashion, and even without their arms. A proceeding which, however harmless under other circumstances, might be considered as

highly significant under the special incidents of that isolation and remoteness from home, which was doubly distant in those days of what Dr. Johnson called “tardy locomotion.” The governor's version, given long afterwards, was, that the men were insolent, that there was a desperate spirit of insubordination abroad, that prisoners had been released from confinement, and a bayonet actually held to his breast.

The morning passed by. But, as soon as dinner was over, the blacks were paraded, and the officers called together, Captain Lacy and the officers with the outspeaking national name. A gun-carriage was ordered forward, and Armstrong directed to stand forth from the ranks. He was instantly seized, tied up, and a gang of blacks told off to execute the punishment. A heavy piece of rope was found—the professional “cat” having been mislaid—and upwards of eight hundred lashes inflicted on the spot, the blacks relieving each other in the odious duty after spells of five-and-twenty lashes. It was sworn that the governor took special interest in the blows being dealt heavily, and called out often to them, “Lay on, you black —, or I'll lay on you myself! Cut him to the heart! Cut his liver out!” and other coarse encouragement. A doctor stood by, but never interfered. The luckless Armstrong begged hard for mercy, but was not “taken down” until the eight hundredth stroke. He was then removed to hospital, gradually sank, and died, as might be expected after so terrible a punishment, in a day or two. There was no question but that his death came of that severe infliction.

It was long before the news drifted over to England. The good old Indianaman, taking some ten or twelve months to flounder across the waters, would have borne the news slowly. And then mysterious rumours of the soldier flogged to death by his commander—coloured, too, by the far-off Indian tints which then deepened curiously every incident, whether of good or evil—began to be whispered. Governor Wall was, however, employed busily elsewhere. But Captain Lacy and Captain Shallaghan came, and no doubt told the story.

Then came Mr. Burke, and Mr. Sheridan, and the famous Hastings Impeachment, and the public mind was stirred up by histories of awful atrocities, and nabobs and English satraps fattened on blood and plunder. And in this favourable temperament the name of Governor Wall was being called out. But Governor Wall was now lying ill of fever, and could not return. At last actually twenty years rolled away since the soldier was flogged to death, and it might reasonably be thought the whole incident would have been forgotten, when suddenly, in the year eighteen hundred and two, Governor Wall turned up in London, gave himself up, and demanded trial. No doubt he merely wanted a technical clearing of his name; just as officers who are pretty well conscious of innocence, demand courts-martial with loud pertinacity. Everything was in his favour, and he might reasonably look for an acquittal.

Tried he was accordingly. That he was guilty of the offence imputed to him there can be no reasonable doubt; but that he had a fair trial seems unlikely. All his material witnesses were dead or dispersed over the globe. All the witnesses against him were common soldiers, who might reasonably be supposed not to be animated by the most partial feelings. Lacy, O'Shallaghan, and Company, who looked on at the flogging, did not appear. However, luckless Governor Wall, in spite of his rank, position, "good Dublin family," and connexion "with Lord Seaforth," was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged ignominiously within a week.

It was felt that the soldier was not to be left to the mercy of commissioned despots, and it was to be shown to the public that he who flogged was to be as responsible as the victim whom he flogged. By a wonderful stretch of clemency, "His Majesty was graciously pleased to respite" him—not with any view of final mercy, but to give luckless Governor Wall what is called a longer day. And when the end of that time arrived, Governor Wall was executed in presence of a large crowd, and Armstrong, after a long delay, avenged.

This is a very startling and significant instance, and points a moral. Of the unhappy end of the victim, and the stern justice which disposed so summarily of his persecutor, some profit may now be made—reaching even beyond their tragic issues. It is this: that no "influence," either of the "good Dublin families," or the high "connexions," or "Lord Seaforth"—who may be taken to typify the whole sheltering interests of power and universal Dowbigginism—should be allowed to stand between the public and its prisoner.

#### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BEHOLD me on my way to an Emigrant Ship, on a hot morning early in June. My road lies through that part of London generally known to the initiated as "Down by the Docks." Down by the Docks, is Home to a good many people—to too many, if I may judge from the overflow of local population in the streets—but my nose insinuates that the number to whom it is Sweet Home might be easily counted. Down by the Docks, is a region I would choose as my point of embarkation aboard ship if I were an emigrant. It would present my intention to me in such a sensible light; it would show me so many things to be run away from.

Down by the Docks, they eat the largest oysters and scatter the roughest oyster-shells, known to the descendants of Saint George and the Dragon. Down by the Docks, they consume the slimiest of shell-fish, which seem to have been scraped off the copper bottoms of ships. Down by the Docks, the vegetables at green-grocers' doors acquire a saline and a scaly look, as if they had been crossed with fish and seaweed. Down by the Docks, they "board sea-men" at the eating-houses, the public-houses,

the slop-shops, the coffee-shops, the tally shops, all kinds of shops mentionable and unmentionable—board them, as it were, in the piratical sense, making them bleed terribly, and giving no quarter. Down by the Docks, the seamen roam in mid-street and mid-day, their pockets inside-out, and their heads no better. Down by the Docks, the daughters of wave-ruling Britannia also rove, clad in silken attire, with uncovered tresses streaming in the breeze, bandanna kerchiefs floating from their shoulders, and crinoline not wanting. Down by the Docks, you may hear the Incomparable Joe Jackson sing the Standard of England, with a hornpipe, any night; or any day may see at the waxwork, for a penny and no waiting, him as killed the policeman at Acton and suffered for it. Down by the Docks, you may buy polonies, savelys, and sausage preparations various, if you are not particular what they are made of besides seasoning. Down by the Docks, the children of Israel creep into any gloomy cribs and entries they can hire, and hang slops there—pewter watches, sou'wester hats, waterproof overalls—"firth rate articlith, Thjack." Down by the Docks, such dealers exhibiting on a frame a complete nautical suit, without the refinement of a waxen visage in the hat, present the imaginary wearer as drooping at the yard-arm, with his seafaring and earthfaring troubles over. Down by the Docks, the placards in the shops apostrophise the customer, knowing him familiarly beforehand, as, "Look here, Jack!" "Here's your sort, my lad!" "Try our sea-going mixed, at two and nine!" "The right kit for the British Tar!" "Ship ahoy!" "Splice the main-brace, brother!" "Come, cheer up, my lads! We've the best liquors here. And you'll find something new in our wonderful Beer!" Down by the Docks, the pawnbroker lends money on Union-Jack pocket-handkerchiefs, on watches with little ships pitching fore and aft on the dial, on telescopes, nautical instruments in cases, and such-like. Down by the Docks, the apothecary sets up in business on the wretchedest scale—chiefly on lint and plaster for the strapping of wounds—and with no bright bottles, and with no little drawers. Down by the Docks, the shabby undertaker's shop will bury you for next to nothing, after the Malay or Chinaman has stabbed you for nothing at all: so you can hardly hope to make a cheaper end. Down by the Docks, anybody drunk will quarrel with anybody drunk or sober, and everybody else will have a hand in it, and on the shortest notice you may revolve in a whirlpool of red shirts, shaggy beards, wild heads of hair, bare tattooed arms, Britannia's daughters, malice, mud, maunding, and madness. Down by the Docks, scraping fiddles go in the public-houses all day long, and, shrill above their din and all the din, rises the screeching of innumerable parrots brought from foreign parts, who appear to be very much astonished by what they find on these native shores of ours. Possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that Down by the Docks is the road to the Pacific Ocean, with its lovely islands.

where the savage girls plait flowers, and the savage boys carve cocoa-nut shells, and the grim blind idols muse in their shady groves to exactly the same purpose as the priests and chiefs. And possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that the noble savage is a wearisome impostor wherever he is, and has five hundred thousand volumes of indifferent rhyme, and no reason, to answer for.

Shadwell church! Pleasant whispers of there being a fresher air down the river than down by the Docks, go pursuing one another, playfully, in and out of the openings in its spire. Gigantic in the basin just beyond the church, looms my Emigrant Ship: her name, the Amazon. Her figure-head is not disfigured as those beauteous founders of the race of strong-minded women are fabled to have been, for the convenience of drawing the bow; but I sympathise with the carver:

A flattering carver who made it his care  
To carve busts as they ought to be—not as they were.

My Emigrant Ship lies broadside-on to the wharf. Two great gangways made of spars and planks connect her with the wharf; and up and down these gangways, perpetually crowding to and fro and in and out, like ants, are the Emigrants who are going to sail in my Emigrant Ship. Some with cabbages, some with loaves of bread, some with cheese and butter, some with milk and beer, some with boxes beds and bundles, some with babies—nearly all with children—nearly all with bran-new tin cans for their daily allowance of water, uncomfortably suggestive of a tin flavour in the drink. To and fro, up and down, aboard and ashore, swarming here and there and everywhere, my Emigrants. And still as the Dock-Gate swings upon its hinges, cabs appear, and carts appear, and vans appear, bringing more of my Emigrants, with more cabbages, more loaves, more cheese and butter, more milk and beer, more boxes beds and bundles, more tin cans, and on those shipping investments accumulated compound interest of children.

I go aboard my Emigrant Ship. I go first to the great cabin, and find it in the usual condition of a Cabin at that pass. Perspiring landsmen, with loose papers, and with pens and inkstands, pervade it; and the general appearance of things is as if the late Mr. Amazon's funeral had just come home from the cemetery, and the disconsolate Mrs. Amazon's trustees found the affairs in great disorder, and were looking high and low for the will. I go out on the poop-deck, for air, and surveying the emigrants on the deck below (indeed they are crowded all about me, up there too), find more pens and inkstands in action, and more papers, and interminable complication respecting accounts with individuals for tin cans and what not. But nobody is in an ill temper, nobody is the worse for drink, nobody swears an oath or uses a coarse word, nobody appears depressed, nobody is weeping, and down upon the deck in every corner where it is possible to find a few spare feet to kneel, crouch,

or lie in, people, in every unsuitable attitude for writing, are writing letters.

Now, I have seen emigrant ships before this day in June. And these people are so strikingly different from all other people in like circumstances whom I have ever seen, that I wonder aloud, "What would a stranger suppose these emigrants to be!"

The vigilant bright face of the weather-browned captain of the Amazon is at my shoulder, and he says, "What, indeed! The most of these came aboard yesterday evening. They came from various parts of England in small parties that had never seen one another before. Yet they had not been a couple of hours on board, when they established their own police, made their own regulations, and set their own watches at all the hatchways. Before nine o'clock the ship was as orderly and as quiet as a man-of-war."

I looked about me again, and saw the letter-writing going on with the most curious composure. Perfectly abstracted in the midst of the crowd; while great casks were swinging aloft, and being lowered into the hold; while hot agents were hurrying up and down, adjusting the interminable accidents; while two hundred strangers were searching everywhere for two hundred other strangers, and were asking questions about them of two hundred more; while the children played up and down all the steps, and in and out among all the people's legs, and were beheld, to the general dismay, toppling over all the dangerous places; the letter-writers wrote on calmly. On the starboard side of the ship, a grizzled man dictated a long letter to another grizzled man in an immense fur cap: which letter was of so profound a quality, that it became necessary for the amanuensis at intervals to take off his fur cap in both his hands, for the ventilation of his brain, and stare at him who dictated, as a man of many mysteries who was worth looking at. On the larboard side, a woman had covered a belaying-pin with a white cloth, to make a neat desk of it, and was sitting on a little box, writing with the deliberation of a bookkeeper. Down upon her breast on the planks of the deck at this woman's feet, with her head diving in under a beam of the bulwarks on that side, as an eligible place of refuge for her sheet of paper, a neat and pretty girl wrote for a good hour (she fainted at last), only rising to the surface occasionally for a dip of ink. Alongside the boat, close to me on the poop-deck, another girl, a fresh well-grown country girl, was writing another letter on the bare deck. Later in the day, when this self-same boat was filled with a choir who sang glee and catches for a long time, one of the singers, a girl, sang her part mechanically all the while, and wrote a letter in the bottom of the boat while doing so.

"A stranger would be puzzled to guess the right name for these people, Mr. Uncommercial," says the captain.

"Indeed he would."

"If you hadn't known, could you ever have supposed—?"

"How could I! I should have said they were in their degree, the pick and flower of England."

"So should I," says the captain.

"How many are they?"

"Eight hundred in round numbers."

I went between-decks, where the families with children swarmed in the dark, where unavoidable confusion had been caused by the last arrivals, and where the confusion was increased by the little preparations for dinner that were going on in each group. A few women here and there, had got lost, and were laughing at it, and asking their way to their own people, or out on deck again. A few of the poor children were crying; but otherwise the universal cheerfulness was amazing. "We shall shake down by to-morrow." "We shall come all right in a day or so." "We shall have more light at sea." Such phrases I heard everywhere, as I groped my way among chests and barrels and beams and unstowed cargo and ring-bolts and Emigrants, down to the lower deck, and thence up to the light of day again and to my former station.

Surely, an extraordinary people in their power of self-abstraction! All the former letter-writers were still writing calmly, and many more letter-writers had broken out in my absence. A boy with a bag of books in his hand and a slate under his arm, emerged from below, concentrated himself in my neighbourhood (espying a convenient skylight for his purpose), and went to work at a sum as if he were stone deaf. A father and mother and several young children, on the main deck below me, had formed a family circle close to the foot of the crowded restless gangway, where the children made a nest for themselves in a coil of rope, and the father and mother, she sucking the youngest, discussed family affairs as peaceably as if they were in perfect retirement. I think the most noticeable characteristic in the eight hundred as a mass, was their exemption from hurry.

Eight hundred what? "Geese, villain?" **EIGHT HUNDRED MORMONS.** I, Uncommercial Traveller for the firm of Human Interest, Brothers, had come aboard this Emigrant Ship to see what Eight hundred Latter-Day Saints were like, and I found them (to the rout and overthrow of all my expectations) like what I now describe with scrupulous exactness.

The Mormon Agent who had been active in getting them together, and in making the contract with my friends the owners of the ship to take them as far as New York on their way to the Great Salt Lake, was pointed out to me. A compactly-made handsome man in black, rather short, with rich-brown hair and beard, and clear bright eyes. From his speech, I should set him down as American. Probably, a man who had "knocked about the world" pretty much. A man with a frank open manner, and unshrinking look; withal a man of great quickness. I believe he was wholly ignorant of my Uncommercial individuality, and consequently of my immense Uncommercial importance.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** These are a very fine set of people you have brought together here.

**MORMON AGENT.** Yes, sir, they are a *very* fine set of people.

**UNCOMMERCIAL** (looking about). Indeed, I think it would be difficult to find Eight hundred people together anywhere else, and find so much beauty and so much strength and capacity for work among them.

**MORMON AGENT** (not looking about, but looking steadily at Uncommercial). I think so.—We sent out about a thousand more, yes'day, from Liverpool.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** You are not going with these emigrants?

**MORMON AGENT.** No, sir. I remain.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** But you have been in the Mormon Territory?

**MORMON AGENT.** Yes; I left Utah about three years ago.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** It is surprising to me that these people are all so cheery, and make so little of the immense distance before them.

**MORMON AGENT.** Well, you see; many of 'em have friends out at Utah, and many of 'em look forward to meeting friends on the way.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** On the way?

**MORMON AGENT.** This way 'tis. This ship lands 'em in New York City. Then they go on by rail right away beyond St. Louis, to that part of the Banks of the Missouri where they strike the Plains. There, waggons from the settlement meet 'em to bear 'em company on their journey 'cross—twelve hundred miles about. Industrious people who come out to the settlement soon get waggons of their own, and so the friends of some of these will come down in their own waggons to meet 'em. They look forward to that, greatly.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** On their long journey across the Desert, do you arm them?

**MORMON AGENT.** Mostly you would find they have arms of some kind or another already with them. Such as had not arms we should arm across the Plains, for the general protection and defence.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** Will these waggons bring down any produce to the Missouri?

**MORMON AGENT.** Well, since the war broke out, we've taken to growing cotton, and they'll likely bring down cotton to be exchanged for machinery. We want machinery. Also we have taken to growing indigo, which is a fine commodity for profit. It has been found that the climate on the further side of the Great Salt Lake suits well for raising indigo.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** I am told that these people now on board are principally from the South of England?

**MORMON AGENT.** And from Wales. That's true.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** Do you get many Scotch?

**MORMON AGENT.** Not many.

**UNCOMMERCIAL.** Highlanders, for instance?

**MORMON AGENT.** No, not Highlanders. They ain't interested enough in universal brotherhood and peace and good will.

UNCOMMERCIAL. The old fighting blood is strong in them?

MORMON AGENT. Well, yes. And besides; they've no faith.

UNCOMMERCIAL (who has been burning to get at the Prophet Joe Smith, and seems to discover an opening). Faith in——!

MORMON AGENT (far too many for Uncommercial). Well.—In anything!

Similarly on this same head, the Uncommercial underwent discomfiture from a Wiltshire labourer: simple fresh-coloured farm-labourer, of eight-and-thirty, who at one time stood beside him looking on at new arrivals, and with whom he held this dialogue:

UNCOMMERCIAL. Would you mind my asking you what part of the country you come from?

WILTSHIRE. Not a bit. Theer! (exultingly) I've worked all my life o' Salisbury Plain, right under the shadder o' Stonehenge. You mightn't think it, but I haive.

UNCOMMERCIAL. And a pleasant country too.

WILTSHIRE. Ah! 'Tis a pleasant country.

UNCOMMERCIAL. Have you any family on board?

WILTSHIRE. Two children, boy and gal. I am a widderer, I am, and I'm going out alonter my boy and gal. That's my gal, and she's a fine gal o' sixteen (pointing out the girl who is writing by the boat). I'll go and fetch my boy. I'd like to show you my boy. (Here Wiltshire disappears, and presently comes back with a big shy boy of twelve, in a superabundance of boots, who is not at all glad to be presented.) He is a fine boy too, and a boy fur to work! (Boy having undutifully bolted, Wiltshire drops him.)

UNCOMMERCIAL. It must cost you a great deal of money to go so far, three strong.

WILTSHIRE. A power of money. Theer! Eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, put by out of the week's wages for ever so long.

UNCOMMERCIAL. I wonder how you did it.

WILTSHIRE (recognising in this a kindred spirit). See theer now! I wonder how I done it! But what with a bit o' subscription heer, and what with a bit o' help theer, it were done at last, though I don't hardly know how. Then it were unfort'n for us, you see, as we got kep' in Bristol so long—nigh a fortnight, it were—on accounts of a mistake wi' Brother Halliday. Swaller'd up money, it did, when we might have come straight on.

UNCOMMERCIAL (delicately approaching Joe Smith). You are of the Mormon religion, of course?

WILTSHIRE (confidently). O yes, I'm a Mormon. (Then reflectively.) I'm a Mormon. (Then, looking round the ship, feigns to deserv a particular friend in an empty spot, and evades the Uncommercial for evermore.)

After a noontide pause for dinner, during which my Emigrants were nearly all between-decks, and the Amazon looked deserted, a general muster took place. The muster was for the ceremony of passing the Government Inspector and the Doctor. Those authorities

held their temporary state amidships, by a cask or two; and, knowing that the whole Eight hundred emigrants must come face to face with them, I took my station behind the two. They knew nothing whatever of me, I believe, and my testimony to the unpretending gentleness and good nature with which they discharged their duty, may be of the greater worth. There was not the slightest flavour of the Circumlocution Office about their proceedings.

The emigrants were now all on deck. They were densely crowded aft, and swarmed upon the poop-deck like bees. Two or three Mormon agents stood ready to hand them on to the Inspector, and to hand them forward when they had passed. By what successful means, a special aptitude for organisation had been infused into these people, I am, of course, unable to report. But I know that, even now, there was no disorder, hurry, or difficulty.

All being ready, the first group are handed on. That member of the party who is entrusted with the passenger-ticket for the whole, has been warned by one of the agents to have it ready, and here it is in his hand. In every instance through the whole eight hundred, without an exception, this paper is always ready.

INSPECTOR (reading the ticket). Jesse Jobson, Sophronia Jobson, Jesse Jobson again, Matilda Jobson, William Jobson, Jane Jobson, Matilda Jobson again, Brigham Jobson, Leonardo Jobson, and Orson Jobson. Are you all here? (glancing at the party, over his spectacles).

JESSE JOBSON NUMBER Two. All here, sir.

This group is composed of an old grandfather and grandmother, their married son and his wife, and *their* family of children. Orson Jobson is a little child asleep in his mother's arms. The Doctor, with a kind word or so, lifts up the corner of the mother's shawl, looks at the child's face, and touches the little clenched hand. If we were all as well as Orson Jobson, doctoring would be a poor profession.

INSPECTOR. Quite right, Jesse Jobson. Take your ticket, Jesse, and pass on.

And away they go. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands them on. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands next party up.

INSPECTOR (reading ticket again). Susannah Cleverly and William Cleverly. Brother and sister, eh?

SISTER (young woman of business, hustling slow brother). Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR. Very good, Susannah Cleverly. Take your ticket, Susannah, and take care of it.

And away they go.

INSPECTOR (taking ticket again). Sampson Dibble and Dorothy Dibble (surveying a very old couple over his spectacles, with some surprise). Your husband quite blind, Mrs. Dibble?

MRS. DIBBLE. Yes, sir, he be stone-blind.

MR. DIBBLE (addressing the mast). Yes, sir, I be stone-blind.

INSPECTOR. That's a bad job. Take your ticket, Mrs. Dibble, and don't lose it, and pass on.

Doctor taps Mr. Dibble on the eyebrow with his forefinger, and away they go.

**INSPECTOR** (taking ticket again). Anastasia Weedle.

**ANASTATIA** (a pretty girl, in a bright Garibaldi, this morning elected by universal suffrage the Beauty of the Ship). That is me, sir.

**INSPECTOR.** Going alone, Anastasia?

**ANASTATIA** (shaking her curls). I am with Mrs. Jobson, sir, but I've got separated for the moment.

**INSPECTOR.** Oh! You are with the Jobsons? Quite right. That'll do, Miss Weedle. Don't lose your ticket.

Away she goes, and joins the Jobsons who are waiting for her, and stoops and kisses Brigham Jobson—who appears to be considered too young for the purpose, by several Mormons rising twenty, who are looking on. Before her extensive skirts have departed from the casks, a decent widow stands there with four children, and so the roll goes.

The faces of some of the Welsh people, among whom there were many old persons, were certainly the least intelligent. Some of these emigrants would have bungled sorely, but for the directing hand that was always ready. The intelligence here was unquestionably of a low order, and the heads were of a poor type. Generally the case was the reverse. There were many worn faces bearing traces of patient poverty and hard work, and there was great steadiness of purpose and much undemonstrative self-respect among this class. A few young men were going singly. Several girls were going, two or three together. These latter I found it very difficult to refer back, in my mind, to their relinquished homes and pursuits. Perhaps they were more like country milliners, and pupil teachers rather tawdily dressed, than any other classes of young women. I noticed, among many little ornaments worn, more than one photograph-brooch of the Princess of Wales, and also of the late Prince Consort. Some single women of from thirty to forty, whom one might suppose to be embroiderers, or straw-bonnet-makers, were obviously going out in quest of husbands, as finer ladies go to India. That they had any distinct notions of a plurality of husbands or wives, I do not believe. To suppose the family groups of whom the majority of emigrants were composed, polygamically possessed, would be to suppose an absurdity, manifest to any one who saw the fathers and mothers.

I should say (I had no means of ascertaining the fact) that most familiar kinds of handicraft trades were represented here. Farm-labourers, shepherds, and the like, had their full share of representation, but I doubt if they preponderated. It was interesting to see how the leading spirit in the family circle never failed to show itself, even in the simple process of answering to the names as they were called, and checking off the owners of the names. Sometimes it was the father, much oftener the mother, sometimes a quick little girl second or third in order of seniority. It seemed to occur

for the first time to some heavy fathers, what large families they had; and their eyes rolled about, during the calling of the list, as if they half misdoubted some other family to have been smuggled into their own. Among all the fine handsome children, I observed but two with marks upon their necks that were probably scrofulous. Out of the whole number of emigrants, but one old woman was temporarily set aside by the doctor, on suspicion of fever; but even she afterwards obtained a clean bill of health.

When all had "passed," and the afternoon began to wear on, a black box became visible on deck, which box was in charge of certain personages also in black, of whom only one had the conventional air of an itinerant preacher. This box contained a supply of hymn-books, neatly printed and got up, published at Liverpool, and also in London at the "Latter-Day Saints' Book Depôt, 30, Florence-street." Some copies were handsomely bound; the plainer were the more in request, and many were bought. The title ran: "Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." The Preface, dated Manchester, 1840, ran thus:—"The Saints in this country have been very desirous for a Hymn Book adapted to their faith and worship, that they might sing the truth with an understanding heart, and express their praise joy and gratitude in songs adapted to the New and Everlasting Covenant. In accordance with their wishes, we have selected the following volume, which we hope will prove acceptable until a greater variety can be added. With sentiments of high consideration and esteem, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the New and Everlasting Covenant, BRIGHAM YOUNG, PARLEY P. PRATT, JOHN TAYLOR." From this book—by no means explanatory to myself of the New and Everlasting Covenant, and not at all making my heart an understanding one on the subject of that mystery—a hymn was sung, which did not attract any great amount of attention, and was supported by a rather select circle. But the choir in the boat was very popular and pleasant; and there was to have been a Band, only the Cornet was late in coming on board. In the course of the afternoon, a mother appeared from shore, in search of her daughter, "who had run away with the Mormons." She received every assistance from the Inspector, but her daughter was not found to be on board. The saints did not seem to me, particularly interested in finding her.

Towards five o'clock, the galley became full of tea-kettles, and an agreeable fragrance of tea pervaded the ship. There was no scrambling or jostling for the hot water, no ill humour, no quarrelling. As the Amazon was to sail with the next tide, and as it would not be high water before two o'clock in the morning, I left her with her tea in full action, and her idle Steam Tug lying by, deputing steam and smoke for the time being to the Tea-kettles.

I afterwards learned that a Despatch was sent home by the captain before he struck out into

the wide Atlantic, highly extolling the behaviour of these Emigrants, and the perfect order and propriety of all their social arrangements. What is in store for the poor people on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, what happy delusions they are labouring under now, on what miserable blindness their eyes may be opened then, I do not pretend to say. But I went on board their ship to bear testimony against them if they deserved it, as I fully believed they would; to my great astonishment they did not deserve it; and my predispositions and tendencies must not affect me as an honest witness. I went over the Amazon's side, feeling it impossible to deny that, so far, some remarkable influence had produced a remarkable result, which better known influences have often missed.\*

#### THE JUDGE AND THE BISHOP. AN AUTHENTIC BOMAGNOLE CHRONICLE.

## I.

IMOLA city is old and staid;  
Long of pedigree, light of purse;  
Wedded to dulness for better for worse,  
And *far* too genteel for trade!  
Imola lies at the Apennine's foot,  
Where the broad rich plain sweeps out to the sea,  
Midway along the leg-seam of "the Boot."  
A limb wrenched free  
From the great Roman tree;  
Snatched and tugged for; battered and bought;  
Leaguered and plundered; bandied and caught;  
Till Julius the fierce, of the triple crown,  
Clawed at it, gripped it, and crunched it down.  
As a lawyer gobbles a fee.  
Since then lives Imola, dozily ever,  
With a very grand bridge o'er a very small river;  
Owns no lions, solemn or gay  
Save its site on the long Flaminian Way;  
Some heavy stone shields over cavernous porches  
With twisticountwirlies of iron, for torches;  
The Via Flaminia, which nobody traces;  
Two glorified saints in two plate-glass cases;  
Some grim old palaces, stern and stark;  
In grim old thoroughfares, narrow and dark;  
One Arabic Codex, which nobody reads;  
And sundry old coaches (the Bishop's is one),  
Which trundled on holidays forth in the sun,  
And look as if vehicles, masters and steeds  
Had just toddled out of the Ark.  
Stay! I'd forgotten her modern claim  
To worthy note on the rolls of fame.  
Imola has had two sons of name;

\* After this Uncommercial Journey was printed, I happened to mention the experience it describes to MR. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P. That gentleman then showed me an article of his writing, in *The Edinburgh Review* for January, 1862, which is highly remarkable for its philosophical and literary research concerning these Latter-Day Saints. I find in it the following sentences: "The Select Committee of the House of Commons on emigrant ships for 1854 summoned the Mormon agent and passenger-broker before it, and came to the conclusion that no ships under the provisions of the 'Passenger Act' could be depended upon for comfort and security in the same degree as those under his administration. The Mormon ship is a Family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum, and internal peace."

(Stepsons, that is,) in her reverend lap  
Dandled, and fed on episcopal pap  
Till ruddy and ripe for the papal throne.  
Plus the seventh P. M. was one.

(Of course I don't mean by those letters to tax him  
as

Anything meaner than, Pontifex Maximus.)  
And John Mastai, his present Beatitude,  
Her other hope (a most promising child,  
But a trifle, folks tell us, too simple and mild),  
Was Bishop there twenty winters syne,  
Just then returned from a Southern latitude;  
An easy, cozy, smiling divine,  
Who played his billiards, and sipped his wine,  
Quavered his mass without fear or reproach,  
Gave his blessing, and rode in his coach  
Whenever the day was fine.

He is the hero of our story,  
Though he'd not yet come to popedom's glory.

## II.

At Imola also lived Bernard Montani,  
Ex-Gonfalonier  
(As who should say, mayor).  
A good plain fellow, with grizzled hair,  
A clear grey eye, a bold bluff nose,  
And a beard that was bushy and grew as it chose.  
A cheerful soul as you'd wish to meet;  
Mild as the Bishop, but not so sweet,  
With twice the brains, and none of the blarney.

Yet he had his share  
Of coil and care,  
Had Bernard Montani, Ex-Gonfalonier;  
For he was ex-judge of the census too  
(Whatever such judges may have to do),  
And the second *ez* with which he was cursed,  
In right Roman fashion  
Of numeration,  
Gave twofold value and weight to the first,  
And touched his heart in the tenderest spot,  
For the judgeship brought cash, though the mayorship did not.

And the young Montanis multiplied quick;  
Their butter grew thin, though their bread was  
thick;  
And the Roman Curia, cruel and sly,  
Which owed him a grudge, it best knew why.  
Watching its time with a greedy eye,  
And marking the need, cut off the supply

From the man it hated and feared.  
For, to tell the cause of the sudden prostration  
From honour and ease, into quasi starvation,  
Which lay at the root,  
Beyond all dispute,  
Of Montani's . . . we'll call it *condign* visitation;  
Twas . . . that truculent bushy beard!

## III.

For those were the days when Italian jaws  
Were mown with a scythe of Draconian laws,  
Which branded the hair on men's lips and chins  
As the outcrop of each of the deadly sins.  
Beards of all hues, and beards of all patterns,  
From sainted Loyola's to Solon's or Saturn's,  
Beards of all grades, down to tuft and imperial,  
As contraband samples of peccant material,  
Were scored on the ledgers of gendarme and  
priest,

In capital letters; THE MARK OF THE BEAST!  
And deemed an appendage as foul and outrageous  
As Medusa's snake head-dress, and *much* more  
contagious.

## IV.

Ay! those were the days when beggared and bound,  
Italy lay in her blank despair ;  
Ankles fettered—face to the ground—  
Ashes clotting her radiant hair—  
Bared to the kiss of the despot's lip—  
Bared to the lash of the Croat's whip!  
"Where is thy God? Is he deaf or sleeping?"  
Laughed the tormentors, close at her ear.  
"Sing us gay songs! Art thou hoarse with weeping?"  
Smile us gay smiles! Art thou cold with fear?"  
And the slave stood pale at her masters' revel ;  
Spread the choice viands and poured the wine,  
Poured her sons' blood, and her daughters' beauty,  
—Shuddering sick at her nameless duty—  
Into the cups of the Moloch-devil,  
The huge blind idol of right Divine,  
Which sat and stared in its golden shrine,  
With hand on knee, and impotent feet,  
Stolidly glued to the judgment-seat ;  
While evermore  
On the blood-stained floor,  
Its Flamen, and Augurs, and men of might,  
Wrought their fierce orgie to fever height,  
'Mid clan of scourges, and shriek of slaves,  
And hollow tramp over echoing graves ;  
Round and round,  
Pounding the ground ;  
While high overhead in cadence slow,  
The idol wagged its horrible poll  
To and fro! To and fro!  
Doggedly clanging the words of woe,  
"In statu quo! In statu quo!"  
O'er the monstrous Carmagnole.

## V.

And so it was in the days I speak of  
That beards, and hats, and tricolored ties,  
Were thorns in Italian rulers' eyes ;  
As signs and meanings  
Of radical leanings,  
Which somehow their subjects had got a trick of.  
And the Austrian eagle, motherly bird !  
Teaching her eaglets to scratch and peck,  
Made them shrewd gaugers of look and word,  
And fed them on blood . . . from another's neck ;  
Showed them hard lying was wiser than fighting,  
And proved that no good comes of reading and writing.  
Nay, so far cherished their irritation  
At the joke of a "so-called" Italian nation,  
That even if the factious looked up in their pain  
To a sky just swept by a shower of rain,  
Your true-bred *birro* would glower askance  
At the rainbow spanning the cloud-expanses,  
And, setting his teeth, thus sulkily ponder :  
"Those rascals have some understanding up yonder!  
A tricolored signal! No sane man can doubt of it,  
If the orange and blue were a little washed out  
of it!"

## VI.

Montani held, I am sorry to say,  
A perilous faith, for that place and day,  
About liberty, justice, political crimes,  
The Council of Trent, and the "drift of the times;"  
As if blessing, not banning, came best from the altar,  
And "Ecclesia" translated, ought not to mean *halter*.  
But, alas! with a nestful of mouths to feed,  
Men do strain a point in the honestest creed.

Montani's poor oil-cruise ran lower and lower,  
As his latest-born blessing was just to the fore.  
So when somebody talked of appealing to Rome,  
Mistress Montani said, "Idling at home,  
And grumbling because people *wouldn't* conspire,  
Was like using that oil-cruise to put out the fire!  
If he, like so many, would pocket his pride,  
And beg back his judgeship . . . What? . . . Well!  
had he tried?"

Thus, after ten days of storm or so,  
From morning to night, blow high, blow low,  
Montani made up his mind to go  
Straight off to Rome; to repudiate thinking;  
To barter his soul for mere eating and drinking;  
To look upon freedom as out of men's reach,  
And strive to keep cool if some priestly adviser,  
Or laced humble servant of Pontiff or Kaiser,  
Should chance to remark, as he twiddled his ring  
(In a jocular tone, as a very smart thing),  
Of beautiful Italy, grand in her shame,  
That she was but "a mere geographical name,"  
Or a farcical figure of speech!

\* \* \* \* \*

Our hero takes his resolve, in fine,  
And his place, for next Tuesday at half-after nine ;  
Then writes to a tried friend at Rome, to explain  
The cause of his coming, the how and the when,  
And to make the results of his journey more feasible,  
Entreats him to grease every wheel that is greasable;  
Sets forth to a nicely how the case stands with him,  
And winds up, by hoping he soon shall shake hands  
with him.

Then, jots down the *dons* to be called upon first,  
Packs up his trunk . . . and prepares for the worst.  
But Mistress Montani had heard from a cousin,  
That the case would be settled at once, by a dozen  
Introductory words, if the Bishop wrote 'em,  
To the Cardinal Sec, the Pope's factotum.  
So, her ghostly director, a Jesuit brother,  
Entreated the Bishop's chief almoner's mother  
To prefer a request, as humble as fervent,  
To Monsignore's Brazilian servant.  
And on Sunday, after high mass and "collation,"

Montani (not guessing  
Their servile finessing),  
With a potent feeling of disinclination,  
—His frank grey eye a trifle sadder,  
But that beard as mad as of old, or madder—  
Stood tête-à-tête with Monsignore,  
Telling the rights and wrongs of his story,  
In a pleasant room, with the windows wide,  
And a Mexican parrot perched at its side,  
Which, riled by Montani's beard, no doubt,  
Holloa'd "*Afuera!*" which means, "Get out!"

## VII.

The Bishop smiled and looked sleek the while  
(Lord Burleigh's shake was a fool to his smile !);  
And listening, smoothed with his fingers taper  
The whitish-brown sheet of a Roman paper,  
Which told, in its "foreign intelligence" how  
In fear of a Carbonaro row  
The young King of Naples, called afterwards  
Bomba,  
Had lately most luckily bagged a good number  
Of dangerous characters, fifteen or twenty,  
In the jail of Saint Mary, surnamed "*Apparente*,"  
Or "*Apparent*," most likely because 'twas so plain,  
Once in, that no soul would get out on't again.  
Quoth the Bishop : "Be seated!  
You're shamefully treated,  
Dear sir! and your enemies *must* be defeated.

Such men as you have a moral force. . . .  
 I knew you by name; and by sight . . . of  
 course!"  
 Here he stroked his face  
 With significant grace;  
 And his smile, as plain as a smile could convey it,  
 Meant, "Birds of a feather . . . if one dared say it!"  
 Montani bowed . . . and once again  
 The plausible prelate pitched off his strain:  
 "To Rome? ay, surely. Your thought's my own.  
 Such men as you should be seen and known.  
 If I can help you . . . Don't say no!  
 A letter? . . . with pleasure! When do you go?  
 Tuesday? You'll call on the minister, eh?  
 I'll write him a line without delay.  
 Send when you please, for it. Pedro! the door!  
 Would I had known of your case before!  
 Be sure, what his Eminence can, he'll do!  
 Good morning! Take courage! Such men as  
 you!" . . .  
 Here Montani went out, half glad, half sorry;  
 But fancied he heard, through his mental flurry,  
 The parrot (which looked too lazy to budge)  
 Jerk out in chuckling tones, as he hung  
 Pompously sucking his fat grey tongue,  
 Something which might be, if said or sung,  
 The Mexican Spanish for . . . "Fudge!"

## VIII.

The Bishop hummed a Gregorian tune  
 As he wrote two letters that afternoon.  
 Both were enclosed in the self-same manner,  
 And sealed with a Paschal Lamb and a banner.  
 Both had "Dear brother" atop of the sheet,  
 Both were in characters pretty and neat,  
 With a superscription as neat and as pretty,  
 "His Eminence Cardinal Sec. Bernetti."  
 Both had "Mastal" subscribed in conclusion,  
 And both had superlatives strewn in profusion.  
 He laid them both on the same bureau,  
 And patted them smooth as he placed them so;  
 And there you might see a dash and a dot,  
 Which only one of the pair had got.  
 Then, with his red-tasseled hat on his head—  
 For the time had come for his daily rumble—  
 The Bishop rang for his lacquey, and said,  
 "Pedro! Those letters . . . make no jumble.  
 That for the post, with the dash . . . look there!  
 This for Montani; and pray TAKE CARE!"  
 And Pedro, the gravest of lacqueys and men,  
 (Who's never fallen into blunder till then),  
 With a nose like a hawk, and an eye like a boar—  
 A lay brother once, of a convent at Goa—  
 While trying his utmost to give satisfaction  
 Made one small mistake, which reversed the trans-  
 action;  
 Sent the letter undashed to the post, like a zany,  
 And delivered the other, himself, to Montani!

## IX.

The sun was enough to bake you brown,  
 When the "Roman Express" drove out of the  
 town,  
 With its passengers packed in a jingling machine,  
 Very high on the springs; of a sickly pea-green;  
 With three horses, a postboy who cracked a huge  
 whip,  
 And rope harness enough to have rigged out a ship.  
 Wearily, wearily, onwards it bore.  
 The poor souls were grimy with dust to the core,  
 And some of them smoked; and most of them swore!  
 But whether from weariness, sun-stroke, or sorrow,  
 Montani fell ill at an inn on the morrow;

Lay there a fortnight, cursing his fate,  
 Then fevered, and jaded,  
 And almost light-headed,  
 Scurried to Rome at a desperate rate,  
 And met with his friend  
 At the journey's end,  
 Just inside the Popolo gate.

## X.

Then there was a kissing, embracing, and greeting,  
 Such as bearded Italians indulge in on meeting.  
 The Roman welcomed his friend with a jest,  
 And hailed him "Sir Judge," as it seemed, without  
 reason;  
 Which poor sad Montani thought quite out of season,  
 And rather unfeeling at best!  
 But once the embracing and kissing got over,  
 He (looking glum as a jilted lover,  
 And hearing the other say, "Fortunate wight!")  
 Seemed three parts ready to sob outright;

And cried abruptly, "What can I do?  
 You'll never teach me to fawn or to sue!"  
 "Do!" quoth the friend. "You insatiable fellow!  
 Your business is all but done, I tell you!  
 A man that's blest with such high protection  
 Has but to vote for his own election.  
 With a Cardinal Minister's help to win it,  
 His suit is won, or the devil's in it!"

Montani stared—Montani stammered—  
 "Minister! . . . Suit!" . . . was all he uttered,  
 While the other ran on, as his tongue were buttered.  
 "Ay! when I angled, with conge and smirk  
 (Just as you bade me),

For friends that could aid me,  
 I found that Bernetti was doing my work;  
 Praising your principles up like a brother's;  
 Painting some traits out, and sketching in others;  
 Making you look a few shades less rhapsodical  
 Than your namesake the saint; you regenerate  
 prodigal!

I thought to be sure 'twas a marvelous thing,  
 But . . . we know that a she-wolf once suckled a  
 king!

And now . . . (Don't look helpless, as though I  
 spoke Greek to you!)  
 Go to Bernetti! Perhaps he's at home.  
 You've got to thank him, and he wants to speak to  
 you.

Say you've arrived but this instant at Rome."  
 "Stop! I've a letter of recommendation" . . .  
 Groaned poor Montani, whose strength was spent.  
 "Letter! per bacco! you're sure of your station.  
 Don't wait to find it!  
 He'll never mind it.  
 Go, if you're wise!" . . . and Montani went.

## XL

Down in the court-yard are columns and coaches,  
 Up the great staircase, marbles and gold,  
 Over each portal Montani approaches,  
 Through each high room  
 With its statues and gloom,  
 Rooms that seemed infinite—  
 (One had a Nymph in it)  
 Dropped the rich door curtain, fold upon fold.  
 In the great hall are prelates colloquing.  
 On goes Montani . . . a lacquey before  
 Whispers his name, as he'd scarce let the rogue  
 in . . .

Heav'n! Monsignorè comes out to the door! . . .  
 Beckons him onward . . . Montani, grown stronger,  
 Stammers . . . "The Bishop . . . a stranger . . .  
 excuse"! . . .

"Nay!" bows the Minister. "Stranger no longer!  
A friend of Mastai's! How could I refuse?"

\* \* \* \* \*

It seemed that the note the Bishop had penned,  
Which had come by the post  
In two days at most,  
Begging Bernetti to "save from sinking  
One of the real right way of thinking,"  
Had been sugar and cream from end to end.  
Acting on which with a will I trow,  
Bernetti had put his hand to the plough;  
And before Montani, a little elate,  
Made his last bow, he was told that his fate  
Should be fixed to his liking, and all set straight,  
As soon as the law would allow.

## XII.

But it didn't allow for several days;  
Nay, the cause seemed sticking in miry ways,  
And taking a turn, which may be defined  
As a chill of the semi-chronic kind.  
And poor Montani, who'd squandered more  
Cash than he ought, from his shallow store,  
Thought it was better to hie him home  
Than wait for success that was sure to come.  
So he left his card at the Minister's gate  
(Who'd a pain in his head, and had got up late),  
And, while he was packing his small portmanteau,  
—Which his friend the Roman would lend a hand  
to—  
Out of his best frilled shirt there fell  
A small sealed letter; he knew it well,  
With its superscription so neat and pretty,  
"His Excellency Cardinal Sec. Bernetti."  
"Faith!" says the friend, "before you burn it,  
Open that letter—you can't return it!  
A mere introductory line or so.  
Still, I confess I should like to know  
How those old fogies palaver each other."

He broke the enclosure, and read . . .  
"Dear Brother!  
"One of those rascals, of whom we've too many,  
A vile sans-culotte of the name of Montani,  
Once judge of the Census and Gonfalonier;  
—He was mainly turned out by *my* foresight and  
care—  
Has been here to consult me about the affair;  
For it seems he's intending—his cash running  
short—  
To petition—a sneak!—for employment at court.  
He'll bring you a letter under my hand,  
Requesting you'll help him at Rome; for remember,  
Those villains have always sharp knives at com-  
mand,  
And I live among them, from June to December.  
But I hardly need beg, when he calls at your pa-  
lace,  
That you'll snub him . . . exclude him . . . put spokes  
in his wheel . . .  
And . . . perhaps he'll do something to merit cold  
steel,  
Or promotion . . . as high as the gallows!  
We've got our share of these knaves . . . God mend  
'em!  
Ranting of Italy, Freedom, and Right.  
You, who've St. Angelo, know where to send 'em.  
Verbum sapienti! God bless you! Good night!—  
Stick to 'non possumus.' There our defence is.  
Yours,

JOHANN. MASTAI. EPIS. IMOLENSES.

P.S. By-the-by, if he hasn't appeared,  
Tell your porter, the fellow's A'MAN WITH A BEARD."

## XIII.

Such was the writing that met their eyes.  
The "sans-culotte rascals" laid it down;  
And first they stared with a blank surprise,  
Then laughed a laugh that was not their own.  
For now they could measure the gulf which lay  
Yawning, and black, and full in their way.  
Now they could value the honeyed civility  
Born from the bramble of priestly hostility.  
Whence came the check, they could now under-  
stand;  
For a clue, once caught, runs up to the hand.  
They saw that their riddle at last was read,  
By the Cardinal Minister's pain in the head;  
And they both confessed  
That the pride of the jest  
Was . . . their trusting such ropes of sand!  
They, who had dreamed they could read at sight  
The crabbed cypher of priestly wiles,  
With its black for white,  
And its wrong made right;  
To be puzzled, and pozed, and outwitted quite  
By a batch of prelatical smiles!  
So the laugh was tagged with a shrewd remorse.  
Conscience spoke up, and was heard perforce,  
And each grew shy  
Of the other's eye,  
As they locked the portmanteau and said "Good-  
by;"  
Tacitly swearing never again  
To carry a candle in Beelzebub's train,  
Or, knowing the better, to pick out the worse.

## XIV.

Home went Montani, much lighter of pelf,  
Rumbling along by the "Roman Express."  
His failure at Rome had turned out a success,  
For he'd lost his last scudo, and won back . . . him-  
self.

Deeply he vowed that no lip-deep complying,  
No shuffling and quibbling, no Master-denying  
Should sully him more,  
Nor make his heart sore  
With wasting its manhood in wearily trying  
To find out where reticence slides into lying;  
While striking a balance 'twixt substance and form  
And striving to save its core sound from the worm!  
So his cheery face was as fresh as a rose,  
His beard was still bushy, and grew as it chose,  
His grey eye was fearless, and bluff was his nose,  
And his laugh rang as true as of yore!

He never skulked into doorways now  
When the Bishop's wheels on the pavement sounded,  
But pulled off his hat with . . . O such a bow!  
That his Eminence . . . looked confounded!  
As to the family ways and means;  
Thick shoes, maccaroni, and haricot beans;  
He toiled for them bravely from dawn to dark,  
Drudging away as a banker's clerk.  
And, after hours, in his awning's shade,  
As he sipped his glassful of lemonade

With a few old chums,  
Forgetting his sums,  
He'd often allude to the blunder he'd made;  
And sometimes prophesy (*birri* permitting)  
Great days ahead, through the darkness flitting,  
When a righteous reform should unfold by degrees its  
Light to men's eyes,  
Untainted by spies,  
Or severe domiciliary visits!

## XV.

And when Mistress Montani did one day sneer  
(For the ghostly director still had her ear)

At the famous journey which ended in nought,  
He said . . . they were sitting at table—"My dear!  
I was the dunce,  
Let us say it at once—  
For thinking to catch, where 'twas sure I'd get  
caught.  
But for o'er little error . . . remember, my life!  
You might now be a relict, instead of a wife;  
For our *Reverendissimi* all are the same,  
They never forgive one for winning a game,  
But sooner or later, the blood-sucking crew  
Win back what they'd lost, and with interest too!  
Though the price they exact from a recreant sinner  
Depends on the pastoral grade of the winner,  
And varies in height  
With the strength of his spite,  
From a violent death, to an abstinence-dinner;  
For a friar, when foiled, holds his peace, and contrives  
To work out his will through our mothers and wives,  
By fast-days, and penance, and pious suggestion,  
While a Bishop enraged,  
Gets you quietly caged,  
And Servus Servorum applies you 'the question.'  
You know 'cats' children,' the proverb goes,  
'If you rear 'em on innocent gruel or rice,  
Or anything else farinaceous and nice.'  
—Opportunity serving—"are sure to catch mice."  
Besides, 'twas my fault to suppose  
That priests and . . . no matter! . . . could ever  
forgive,  
And to look for a flaw  
In that good old saw;  
'Buy a watch, or marry a wife,  
Or fall out with a churchman and come to strife,  
And you'll be in hot water as long as you live!"

## XVL

Summers and winters have passed along,  
And proved that Montani was *not* in the wrong.  
The "cat's child" he spoke of—frugivorous crea-  
ture!—  
When mantled and crowned, on the Chair of Saint  
Peter,  
Still true to his instincts, seemed courteous and canny,  
And played with his mice, as he played with Mon-  
tani;  
Sat purring and soft as a chinchilla muff,  
Till he whipt out his talons . . . and that was  
enough!  
For sucklings and seedlings, whatever their dower  
Of minikin passion, or instinct, or power,  
Are sires in long clothes,  
As all the world knows,  
To the adult creation that out of them grows.  
Each little fatherkin, weak and unripe,  
Carries his programme in diamond type,  
Stamped with a wise "So be it!"  
The seedling shut in the acorn's heart  
Is an oak-tree perfect in every part,  
Waiting for warmth to free it.  
A Dauphin in frocks, killing rabbits for fun,  
Has his *battue* of heretics (yet underdone)  
On the brain that in time shall decree it.  
Grimalkin the mouser's a kitten grown stale,  
With her fierceness and fun on a miniature scale,  
And a frog's but a tadpole—minus the tail—  
For such as have eyes to see it.  
The self-same phases of germination  
Hold with each sex, and every station,  
And keep to the self-same measure;  
Whether their Lordships strut the scene,  
In broadcloth, bullion, or bombezaine;  
Or their Ladyships flutter in silks and laces,  
And swim about with Herodias-paces,

To win, by right of fine airs and graces  
Some true heart's blood for their pleasure.  
But, of all men living, in whom appear  
Their letters patent, distinct and clear,  
As in the blade—so in the ear—  
As in the root—so in the flower—  
Command me to wielders of priestly power!  
Each, from the Sacristan up to the Saint  
Is signed with a stamp (which we *may* see or *mayn't*),  
Tattooed beyond reach of soap;  
And to prove the rule in its moral grade,  
This tale will tell, how, in tricks of trade,  
A Cardinal Bishop of zeal intense  
Is—speaking of course in a spiritual sense—  
Papa to a reigning Pope!

## INNOCENTS' DAY.

On the evening of Wednesday, the third of June, a contest was waged between the two guardian angels respectively typifying Pleasure and Duty, who are appointed to watch over the humble person of the present writer. These contests are of by no means unfrequent occurrence; but as this was a specially sharp tussle, and as it ended by Duty getting the best of it—which is very seldom the case—I feel bound to record it. This humble person was, on the occasion in question, seated in his small suburban garden, on a rustic seat (than which he ventures to opine in regard to the hardness of the surface to be sat upon, its slipperiness, its normal dampness, and the tendency of its knobbly formation towards irritation of the spinal cord, there cannot be a more distressing piece of furniture), was smoking an after-dinner pipe, and was contemplating the glowing relics of the splendid day fast being swallowed up in the grey of the evening, when he felt a slight (mental) tap on his left shoulder, and became aware of the invisible presence of Pleasure.

"Lovely evening!" said Pleasure.  
"Gorgeous!" said present writer, who had had his dinner, and was proportionally enthusiastic.

"Splendid for Ascot to-morrow!"  
"Mag-nificent!"  
"You'll go, of course?"  
Mental tap on my right shoulder, and still small voice: "You'll do nothing of the sort!"  
Ha! ha! I thought, Duty has come to the charge then.

"Well!" I hesitated, "you see, I—" "What?" exclaimed Pleasure, "are you in any doubt? Think of the drive down the cool calm Windsor Park with the big umbrageous trees, the blessed stillness, the sweet fresh air! Then the course, so free and breezy, the odour of the trodden turf, the excitement of the race, the—"

"Think of how to pay your tailor," whispered Duty; "the triumph of a received bill, the comfort of knowing that you're wearing your own coat and not Schnipp and Company's property! Stick to your great work on Logarithms; be a man, and earn your money."

"You'll kill the man!" said Pleasure, beginning to get angry. "You know what all work and no play makes Jack."

"His name isn't Jack, and if it were, what then?" retorted Duty. "Do you know what all play and no work makes a man, or rather what it leaves him? A purposeless idiot, a shambling loafing idler, gaping through his day, and wasting other people's precious time. Ah! if some of your followers, 'votaries of pleasure,' as they're called, both male and female, had some permanent occupation for only a few hours of the day, the sin, and crime, and misery that now degrade the world might be reduced by at least one-half!"

"Don't talk of *my* followers, if you please, old lady!" shouted Pleasure, highly indignant. "No need to say that none are 'allowed' in your case, I should think. With your horribly stern ideas you do far more mischief than I. Ever holding you before their eyes, men slave and slave until such wretched life as is left them terminates at middle age; seen through your glasses, life is a huge sandy desert, watered by the tears of the wretched pilgrims, but yielding no blade of hope, no flower of freshness. I hate such cant!"

"Madam!" said Duty, with a grave courtesy, "your language is low. I leave you."

"And I leave you, you old frump!" And both guardian angels floated away: Pleasure, as she passed, bending over me, and murmuring in my ear, "You'll go to Ascot!"

But when I came in-doors and examined the contents of my cash-box, I found that the waters were very low indeed; when I looked on my desk and saw about fifteen written slips of paper (my great work on Logarithms) on the right-hand side, and about five hundred perfectly blank and virgin slips on the left; when I thought of the bills that were "coming on," and of the bills that had recently passed by without having been "met," I determined to stick steadily to my work, and to give up all idea of the races. In this state of mind I remained all night, and—shutting my eyes to the exquisite beauty of the day—all the early morning, and in which state of mind I still continued, when, immediately after breakfast, I was burst in upon by Oppenhart — of course waving a ticket.

It is a characteristic of Oppenhart's always to be waving tickets! A good fellow with nothing particular to do (he is in a government office), he has hit upon an excellent method of filling up his leisure by becoming a member of every imaginable brotherhood, guild, society, or chapter, for the promotion of charity and the consumption of good dinners. What proud position he holds in the grand masonic body I am unable positively to state. On being asked, he replies that he is a—something alphabetical, I'm afraid to state what, but a very confusing combination of letters,—then he is an Odd Fellow, and an Old Friend, and a Loving Brother, and a Rosicrucian, and a Zoroaster, and a Druid, and a Harmonious Owl, and an Ancient Buffalo. I made this latter dis-

covery myself, for having been invited by a convivial friend to dine at the annual banquet of his "herd," I found there Oppenhart, radiant in apron and jewel and badge, worshipped by all around. He has drawers full of aprons, ribbons, stars, and "insignia," he is always going to initiate a novice, or to pass a degree, or to install arch, or to be steward at a festival, and he is always waving tickets of admission to charitable dinners, where you do not enjoy yourself at all, and have to subscribe a guinea as soon as the cloth is drawn. So that when I saw the card in his hand I made up my mind emphatically to decline, and commenced shaking my head before he could utter a word.

"Oppenhart, once for all, I **won't!** The Druids sit far too late, and there's always a difference of opinion among the Harmonious Owls. I've got no money to spare, and I **won't** go."

"Well, but you've been boring me for this ticket for the last three years!" says Oppenhart. "Don't you know what to-day is? it's Innocents' Day."

I thought the Innocents were some new brotherhood to which he had attached himself, and I rebelled again, but he explained that he meant thus metaphorically to convey that that day was the anniversary meeting of the charity children in St. Paul's, a gathering at which I had often expressed a wish to be present, and for which he had procured me a ticket. "Got it from Brother Pugh, J.G.W., Bumblepuppy Lodge of Yorkshire, No. 1, who is on the committee; don't tell Barker I gave it you, or I should never know peace again."

Captain Barker is Oppenhart's shadow, dresses at him, follows him into his charities, his dinners, and his clubs, and though but a faint reflex of the great original, yet, owing to the possession of a swaggering manner and a bow-wowy voice, so patronises his Mentor that the latter's life is a burden to him.

I promised not to tell Barker, I took the ticket, I decided to go, and I went. Even Duty could not have urged much against such a visit, the mode of transit to which was the sixpenny omnibus! My card was admissible between ten and twelve, but it was scarcely eleven when I reached St. Paul's, and I thought I would amuse myself by watching the arriving company. Carriages were pouring into the churchyard thick and fast, a few hired flys, but principally private vehicles, sedate in colour, heavy in build, filled with snug gentlemen, snugger ladies and demure daughters, driven by sedate coachmen, and conveying serious footmen behind, drawn by horses which had a Claphamite air utterly different from the prancing tits of the Parks—sober easy-going animals, laying well to collar, and doing the work cut out for them in all seriousness and gravity. Preceded by beadle, gorgeous creatures in knobby gowns and cockades like black fans in their hats (who, however, were so utterly unable to make any impression on the crowd that they had themselves to enlist

the services of, and to be taken in tow by, the police), flanked by the clergymen of the parish, generally painfully modest at the gaze of the multitude, the troops of charity children came pouring in from every side; and, round each door was gathered an admiring crowd, principally composed of women, watching the entrance of the schools. The excitement among these good people was very great. "Here's our school, mother!" cried a big bouncing girl of eighteen, evidently "in service." "Look at Jane, ain't she nice? Lor, she's forgot her gloves!" and then she telegraphed at a tremendous rate to somebody who didn't see her, and was loud in her wailing. Two old women were very politely confidential to each other. "Yes, mem, this is St. Saviour's School, mem, and a good school it is, mem!" "Oh, I know it well, mem! which it was my parish until I moved last Janiwarry, and shall always think of partin' with regret, mem!" "Ho, indeed, mem! Now, to be sure! Wos you here last year, mem? No, you wos not! Ah, it wos a wet day, a dreadful disappointment, mem! though our children made the best on it, the boys wore their capes, and the gals wos sent in cabs, they wos!" Nearly everywhere the sight of the children made a pleasant impression. I saw two regular Old Bailey birds, with the twisted curl and the tight cap and the grease-stained fustians stop to look at them, and one of them, pointing with his pipe, said in quite a soft voice to the other, "Reg'lar pretty, ain't it?" The boys at St. Paul's School left off their play and rushed at the grating which separates them from the passers-by and howled with delight: the omnibus men pulled up short to let the children cross, and, possibly out of respect for such youthful ears, refrained from favouring their horses with any of their favourite appellations; only one person sneered—a very little person in human form, who climbed with difficulty into a high Hansom. He was evidently Ascot bound, and, as he drove off, lighted a very big cigar, which stuck out of his mouth like a bowsprit. This majestic little person curled his little lip at the mildness of our amusement.

I went round, as my ticket directed me, to the north door of the cathedral, and found the entrance gaily covered in with canvas, surrounded by a crowd of gazers, and guarded by such large-whiskered and well-fed policemen as only the City can produce. Up some steps, and into the grasp of the stewards, duly decorated with blue watch-ribbons and gold medals like gilt crown-pieces. Stewards of all sorts—the bland steward, "This way, if you please. Your ticket? thank you. To the left; thank you!" with a bow and a smile as though you had done him a personal favour in coming; the irritable steward, short, stout, and wiping his stubby head with one hand, motioning to the advancing people with the other—"Go back, sir! go back, sir! Can't you hear? Jenkins, turn these—Jenkins! where the dev—" (cut short by nudge from bland steward, who whispers). "Ah, I forgot! I mean

where can Jenkins have got to; *back*, sir! the other side of that railing, do you *hear* me? *back*, sir!" the sniggering steward, to whose charge the ladies are usually confided; the active steward, who springs over benches and arranges chairs; the passive nothing-doing steward, who looks on, and takes all the credit (not an uncommon proceeding in the world at large); and the misanthropic steward, who has been "let in" for his stewardship, who loathes his wand and leaves it in a dark corner, who hates his medal and tries to button his coat over it, who stares grimly at everything, and who has only one hope left—"to get out of the place." Types of all these generic classes were in St. Paul's, as they are in all charitable gatherings. Most excited of all were four holding plates, two on either side the door, and as each knot of people climbed the steps, the stewards rattled the plates until the shillings and half-sovereigns sprung up and leaped about as they do under the movement-compelling horsehair of the conjuror.

Proceeding, I found myself under the grand dome of St. Paul's, in the middle of an arena with a huge semicircular wooden amphitheatre of seats, tier above tier, on either side of me, the pulpit facing me, and, at my back, the vast depth of the cathedral reaching to the west entrance completely thronged with people. The amphitheatre, reserved entirely for the children, presented a very curious appearance. A painted black board, or in some instances a gay banner inscribed with the name of the school, was stuck up on high as a guide. Thus I read: Ludgate Ward, Langbourn Ward, Rains' Charity; and the children were seated in rows one under the other, ranging from the top of the wooden erection to the bottom. A thin rope, or rail, divided one school from the other. Several of the schools had already taken their places, the boys at the back and the girls in the front, in their modest little kerchiefs, their snowy bibs and tuckers, their (in many instances) remarkably picturesque caps, and their dresses in heavy hues of various sober colours. Between two schools thus settled down would come a blank space yet unoccupied, and thus the amphitheatre looked like the window of some linendraper's shop, as I have seen it when "set out" by some unskillful hand, with rivulets of pretty ribbons meandering from one common source, but with bits of the framework on which they rested showing between.

Half-past eleven, and the seats specially reserved for holders of tickets are becoming full: elderly spinsters with poke bonnets and black mittens, pretty girls with full crinolines and large brass crosses on their red-edged prayer-books, a good many serious young men, whose appearance gives me a general notion of the committee of a literary institution, and a few languid and expensive men, who seem utterly lost, and gaze vacantly about them through rimless eyeglasses; the clergy in great force; short stout old gentlemen with no necks to speak of, only

crumpled rolls of white linen between their chins and their chests; tall thin old gentlemen with throats like cranes, done up in stiff white stocks with palpable brass buckles showing over their coat collars; bland mellifluous young gentlemen in clear-starched dog-collars and M.B. waistcoats; and a few sensible clergymen wearing their beards and not losing one whit of reverend or benign appearance thereby. I take my seat next a pompous old gentleman in shiny black, who wears a very singular pair of gloves made of a thin grey shiny silk with speckles cunningly inwoven, which make his hand look like a salmon's back, a stout old gentleman who pushes me more than I like, and then scowls at me, and then says to his daughter: "Too hot! too close! we'd better have stopped at Shooter's Inn," in which sentiment I mentally concur. Now, the last vacant spaces between the schools are filled up, and the children are so tightly packed that one would think every square inch must have been measured beforehand and duly allotted. Each semi-circle is like a sloping bed of pretty flowers. White is the prevailing colour, interspersed with lines of dark blue, light blue, slate, grey, and, here and there, a vivid bit of scarlet; such coquettish little caps, puffed, and frilled, and puckered as though by the hands of the most expensive French clear-starchers; such healthy happy little faces, with so much thoroughly English beauty of bright eye, and ruddy lip, and clear glowing complexion. Ah! the expenditure of yellow soap that must take place on the morning of Innocents' Day! All looked thoroughly clean and well, and, like the gentleman at his theological examination when asked to state which were the major and which the minor prophets, I "wish to make no invidious distinctions." Yet I cannot refrain from placing on record that the girls of two of the schools had special adornments, the damsels of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, wearing a rose in their waistbands, while each of the little maidens of Aldgate Ward bore a nosegay of fresh wild flowers.

Twelve o'clock, the children all rise up, and all heads are turned towards the south door. I look round in that direction and behold a fat elderly man, in a black gown and a curled wig, like a barrister, painfully toiling under the weight of an enormous gilt mace, which he carries across his arms after the fashion of pantomime-warriors generally. My pompous neighbour stirs up his daughter with his elbow, and whispers, with great reverence, "The Lord Mayor, my dear!" This great magnate is, however, unable to be present, but sends as his representative an alderman. There are the sheriffs appropriately dressed, this broiling June day, in scarlet gowns trimmed with fur, wearing enormous chains, and looking altogether cool and comfortable. They are ushered into their seats with much ceremony, the elderly barrister puts the mace across the top of a pew, and seats

himself immediately under the pulpit, in an exhausted condition. Two clergymen appear behind a raised table covered with red cloth; and, at a given signal, the children proceed to their prefatory prayer, all the girls covering their faces simultaneously with their little white aprons; this has a most singular effect, and, for the space of a minute, the whole amphitheatre looks as though populated with those "veiled vestals" with whose appearance the cunning sculptor-hand of Signor Monti made us familiar.

When the children rise again, there rises simultaneously in a tall red box, like a Punch's show with the top off, an energetic figure in a surplice, armed with a long stick; the organ begins to play, and, led by the man in the surplice, the children commence the *Hundredth Psalm*, which is sung in alternate verses, the children on the right taking the first verse, and the second being taken up by those on the left. I had heard much of this performance, and, like all those things of which we hear much, I was a little disappointed. I had heard of people being very much affected; of their bursting into tears, and showing other signs of being overcome. I saw nothing of this. The voices of the children were fresh, pure, and ringing; but where I stood at least, very close to the choir, there was a shrillness in the tone, which at times was discordant and almost painful. There was also a marked peculiarity in the strong sibilation given to the letter "S" in any words in which it occurred.

Several times during the ensuing service the children sang much in the same manner, and I began to think that all I had heard was overrated, when after a sermon during which many of them had refreshed themselves with more than forty winks, and considerably more than forty thousand nods, they burst into the glorious *Hallelujah* chorus. The result was astonishing. I cannot describe it. At each repetition of the word "*Hallelujah*," by the four thousand fresh voices, you felt your eyes sparkle, and your cheeks glow. There was a sense of mental and physical exhilaration which I not only felt myself, but marked in all around me. Now for the first time I understood how the effect of which I had been told had been produced; now I comprehended how the "intelligent foreigner" (who is always brought forward as a reference) had said that such a performance could not be matched in the world.

As I left the building the money-boxes were rattling again, and I, and many others, paid in our mites in gratitude for what we had seen and heard. I hope the children enjoyed themselves afterwards; I hope they had not merely an intellectual treat. The end crowns the work, they say. In this case the work had been admirably performed, and I hope that the end which crowned it consisted of tea and buns.

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